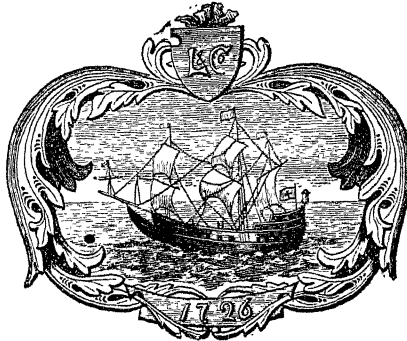


LONGMANS' HANDBOOK
OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE

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PART III.
FROM BEN JONSON TO LOCKE



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PREFACE.



IN this Third Part there is little need for any prefatory remark.

It may be thought the minor dramatists are treated at undue length, but it seemed best to dwell a little on the marvellous half-century which closed with 1640.

Dryden also is treated rather fully, both on account of his own peculiar greatness, and because of his influence on the literature of the eighteenth century.

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HANDBOOK

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BEN JONSON.

BEN JONSON was born in 1573, and was therefore nine years younger than Shakspeare, to whom he stood nearest of all his fellows in poetical genius, though still so unlike him and so inferior.

He was born in London, but his father and grandfather were men of Annandale, the region which Thomas Carlyle's name has ennobled. The little Benjamin was sent to Westminster School, where Camden, the famous antiquary, was one of the masters, and the poet gratefully makes mention of him—

Camden ! most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know ;

and this is no slight praise, for not more than one or two English poets have been equally learned with Jonson, or have made equally good use of their learning.

From school he went, as some think, to Cambridge for a short time ; but this is very doubtful. Others think that he helped his stepfather (Ben's own father died a

month before the boy was born), who was a bricklayer or builder living in St. Martin's Lane. But it is certain that he soon afterwards enlisted as a soldier and went to the wars in the Netherlands, and in after years he boasted of the deeds of valour he performed there.

At the age of nineteen or twenty he was again in London, and married, and, like Shakspeare, he became an actor, and a writer of plays, or perhaps at first only a mender of old plays. His chief paymaster was Henslowe, who, with Edward Alleyn, was proprietor of the 'Fortune,' the 'Rose,' and other theatres.

In 1598 Jonson quarrelled with a fellow-actor and killed him in a duel in Hoxton Fields, and narrowly escaped hanging in consequence. Henslowe in anger cast him off, but he was kindly received by the Lord Chamberlain's men, and his first great play, 'Every Man in His Humour,' was brought out at the 'Blackfriars' or the 'Globe,' and Shakspeare himself was one of the actors.

This incident affords a pleasing example of Shakspeare's genial and generous nature, for the plan of the new play was not such as he could himself approve. The romantic drama, with its disregard of the unities, with its rapid transitions to distant times and places, was condemned by Jonson, and in each of his chief plays the time of the action is limited to a few hours, and there is but slight change of scene.

In the prologue to 'Every Man in His Humour' Jonson does not hesitate to say that his own plan is the best. He will not, even to gain the applause of the audience,

BEN JONSON

Make a child, now swaddled, to proceede
Man, and then shoote up, in one beard, and weede
Past three-score yeeeres : or, with three rustie swords,
And helpe of some few foot-and-halfe foote words
Fight over Yorke and Lancasters long jarres ;
And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scarres.
He rather prayes you will be pleased to see
One such, to-day, as other playes should be.
Where neither chorus wafes you ore the seas ;
Nor creaking throne comes downe, the boyes to please ;
Nor nimble squibbe is seene, to make afear'd
The gentlewomen ; nor roul'd bullet heard
To say it thunders ; nor tempestuous drumme
Rumbles, to tell you when the storme doth come ;
But deedes, and language, such as men doe use ;
And persons, such as Comedie would chuse,
When she would shew an image of the times,
And sport with humane follies, not with crimes.

The characters in the play are well drawn, and together they form a very amusing company. There is Edward Knowell the elder, a grave and worthy gentleman living at Hoxton, busied in gardening, and proud of his apricots, but feeling over-anxious about his son, the young Edward, who, with Wellbred, another wild youth, is too fond of a frolic in the taverns of the Old Jewry.

Then there is Master Stephen, a country gull or simpleton, a cousin of Knowell's, who is taken to task by the old gentleman for his foolish behaviour: 'What would you ha' me do?' says poor empty-headed Stephen—

What would I have you doe? I'll tell you, kinsman :
Learne to be wise, and practise how to thrive,
That would I have you doe ; and not to spend
Your coyne on every bable, that you phansie,
Or every foolish braine, that humors you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourselfe on all societies,

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Till men's affections, or your owne desert,
Should worthily invite you to youre ranke.
Nor would I, you should melt away your selfe
In flashing brav'rie, least while you affect
To make a blaze of gentrie to the world,
A little puffe of scorne extinguish it,
And you be left, like an unsav'rie snuffe,
Whose proprietie is only to offend.
Nor stand so much on your gentilitie,
Which is an aërie, and meere borrow'd thing
From dead men's dust and bones, and none of yours
Except you make or hold it.

The most amusing character in the play is Captain Bobadill, a needy braggart whose mouth is full of strange oaths—'By the foot of Pharaoh!' and the like—and who is greatly admired by Master Stephen, the country gull, and by Master Matthew, the town gull. Master Matthew seeks out the Captain in his dingy lodging, and after some talk the hero says:

Come put on your cloke, and wee'll goe to some private place, where you are acquainted—some taverne or so—and have a bit. What money ha' you about you, Master Matthew?

Matt. Faith I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least; but, come. We will have a bunch of redish, and salt to tast our wine; and a pipe of tabacco to close the orifice of the stomach.

Then when they have reached the 'Wind-mill' tavern, and his heart is warmed with wine, his bragging is wonderful—

O Lord, sir, by St. George, I was the first man that entred the breach: and had I not effected it with resolution, I had bene slaine if I had had a million of lives. They had planted mee three demi-culverings just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir (as wee were to goe on), their master gunner (a man of no meane skille and marke, you must think) confronts mee with his linstock, readie to give fire: I spying his intendment, discharg'd my petronel in his bosome, and with these

single armes, my poore rapier, ranne violently upon the Moores that guarded the ordnance, and put 'hem pell-mell to the sword.

Bobadill is a great consumer of tobacco.

Body o' me! here's the remainder of seven pounds since yesterday was seven night. 'Tis your right *Trinidado*: did you never take any, Master Stephen?

Stephen. No, truly, sir; but I'll learne to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bobadill. Sir, beleve mee, upon my relation for what I tell you, the world shal not reprove. I have been in the Indies where this herb growes, where neither myselfe, nor a dozen gentlemen more (of my knowledge), have received the tast of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one and twentie weekes but the fume of this simple onely; therefore, it cannot be, but 'tis most divine.

Later in the play, while walking through the Moorfields, the Captain boasts of his skill in fencing, and of the fierce envy and hatred which he has excited in the breasts of less skilful swordsmen—

They have assaulted me some three, foure, five, six of them together, as I have walkt alone in divers skirts i' the towne as *Tunnebull*, *Whitechapell*, *Shoreditch*, which were then my quarters; and since, upon the *Exchange*, at my lodging, and at my ordinarie; where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, beleve me.

Then he explains how he might serve the nation if only the Queen knew his worth—

Were I knowne to her Majestie and the Lords—observe me—I would undertake, upon this poore head and life, for the publique benefit of the State, not only to spare the intire lives of her subjects in generall, but to save the one halfe, nay, three parts of her yeerely charge in holding warre, and against what enemy soever. And how would I doe it, think you?

Knowell. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bobadill. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteene more to myselfe, throughout the land; gentlemen they should bee of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character

that I have; and I would teach these nineteen the speciall rules, as you *Punto*, your *Reverso*, your *Staccata*, your *Imbricato*, your *Passada*, your *Montanto*; till they could all play very neare, or altogether as well as myselfe. This done, say the enemy were fortie thousand strong, we twentie would come into the field the tenth of *March* or thereabouts; and wee would challenge twentie of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us: Well we would kill them; challenge twentie more, kill them; twentie more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twentie a day, that's twentie score; twentie score, that's two hundreth; two hundreth a day, five dayes a thousand; fortie thousand; fortie times five, five times fortie, two hundreth dayes kills them all up by computation.

Just in the nick of time, while Bobadill is bragging so gloriously, there comes upon the scene Squire Downright, whom the Captain has insulted earlier in the day, and who now drubs him soundly. After Downright has gone Bobadill murmurs disconsolately:

I never sustained the like disgrace, by heaven! sure I was strooke with a planet, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

In 'Every Man in His Humour,' as in most of Jonson's other plays, the characters are intended to exemplify some one peculiarity or humour which by its excess becomes a vice—

When some one peculiar quality
Doth so possesse a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confusions, all to runne one way,
This may be truly said to be a Humour.¹

And the poet felt it to be his mission to chastise these pestilent humours—

My strict hand
Was made to ceaze on vice, and with a gripe
Squeeze out the humour of such spongie souls
As licke up every idle vanitie.¹

¹ Prologue to *Every Man out of His Humour*.

Between 1598 and 1614 Jonson wrote a series of nine or ten plays, and four of these—‘The Alchemist,’ ‘Volpone, or The Fox,’ ‘The Silent Woman,’ and ‘Bartholomew Fair’—are justly regarded as masterpieces. The ‘Alchemist’ is a powerfully drawn picture of roguery and folly as they existed in the London of Elizabeth’s time. Two cunning rascals, Subtle and Face, one in the character of a magician or astrologer, the other in that of a fine gentleman, delude and fleece a number of dupes. A third companion, Dol Common, appears as a fine lady, or as the Queen of Fairies, or in some such disguise. The play opens with these confederates quarrelling fiercely with each other and making use of the foulest terms of abuse, but they are at peace before the dupes appear.

The first of these is a lawyer’s clerk, who is

• The heire to fortie markes a yeere,
 Consorts with the small poets of the time,
 Is the sole hope of his old grandmother;
 That knowes the law, and writes you sixe faire hands,
 Is a fine clarke, and has his cyphring perfect,
 Will take his oath o’ the Greek Xenophon,
 If need be, in his pocket.

He wishes to receive a charm to aid him in gambling, and they persuade him (after taking from him five angels—all the money he has) that the Queen of Fairies is his aunt, that she kissed him in his cradle, and that after certain solemn ceremonies she will appear to him—

Sir, against one o’clock prepare yourselfe;
 Till when you must be fasting, onely take
 Three drops of vinegar in at your nose,
 Two at your mouth, and one at either eare;
 Then bath your finger endes and wash your eyes,
 To sharpen your five senses, and cry *hum*
 Thrise, and then *buz* as often; and then come.

The next dupe to appear is Abel Drugger, a tobacco-seller—

An't please your worship ;
 I am a yong beginner, and am building
 Of a new shop, an't please your worship, just
 At corner of a street :—Here is the plot on't—
 And I would know by art, sir, of your worship,
 Which way I should make my dore, by *necromancie*,
 And where my shelves ; and which should be for boxes,
 And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, sir.

And he speedily receives the desired directions—

Make me your dore, then, south ; your broad side, west ;
 And on the east side of your shop aloft,
 Write *Mathlai*, *Tarniel*, and *Barborat* ;
 Upon the north part, *Rael*, *Felel*, *Thiel*.
 They are the names of those *Mercurial* spirits,
 That do fright flies from boxes. And
 Beneath your threshold, bury me a loadstone
 To draw in gallants that weare spurres.

But now a grander prize comes in sight, Sir Epicure Mammon, who has given great supplies of money to Subtle, and who is to receive this very day the philosopher's stone which will turn all baser metals to gold. He approaches with a companion, and is eagerly explaining to him his good-fortune—

Come on, sir. Now, you set your foot on shore
 In *Novo Orbe* ; here's the rich Peru :
 And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
 Great Salomon's *Ophir* ! he was sayling to 't
 Three yeeres, but we have reached it in ten months,
 This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
 I will pronounce the happy words *Be rich*.

This night I'll change
 All that is mettall, in my house, to gold :
 And early in the morning, will I send

To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
 And buy their tin and lead up; and to *Lothbury*
 For all the copper.

His imagination revels in the luxury which he intends to enjoy—

My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,
 Dishes of agat set in gold, and studded
 With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.
 The tongues of carps, dormice and camel's heeles,
 Boil'd in the spirit of sol, and dissolved pearle,
 Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsie;
 And I will eat these broathes with spoones of amber,
 Headed with diamant and carbuncle.

'Bartholomew Fair' is a lively picture of the hurly-burly and rough, roaring merriment of a fair. But the play is chiefly interesting for the amusing but over-drawn sketch of Zeal-of-the-land Busy, the Puritan preacher, who is represented as one so fond of feasting that 'he breaks his buttons and cracks seams at every saying he sobs out,' and he is

found fast by the teeth in the cold turkey-pie in the cupboard with a great white loaf on his left hand, and a glass of malmsey on his right.

This worthy is called upon to decide if it is lawful to eat roast pig in Bartholomew Fair, for young Mrs. Littlewit has a great longing for that pleasure, and her anxious mother fears to cross her inclination. Zeal-of-the-land decides that this may be done without sin, and he determines to accompany them—

In the way of comfort to the weake, I will go and eat. I will eate exceedingly and prophesie; there may be a good use made of it too, now I thinke on't: by the publike eating of Swine's flesh, to professe our hate and loathing of *Judaisme* whereof the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eat, yea, I will eate exceedingly.

When he has eaten and drunk his fill in the fair he is ready to prophesy, and he lifts up his voice against a seller of toys—

Peace, with thy Apocryphall wares, thou prophane Publican; thy *Bells*, thy *Dragons*, and thy *Tobie's Dogges*. Thy Hobby horse is an Idoll, a very Idoll, a fierce and rancke Idoll; and thou the *Nabuchadnezzar*, the proud *Nabuchadnezzar* of the *Faire*, that sett'st it up, for children to fall downe to, and worship. I was moved in spirit to bee here this day, in this *Faire*, this wicked and foule *Faire*; and fitter may it be called a Foule then a *Faire*; to protest against the abuses of it, the foule abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted Saintes, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the merchandise of *Babylon* againe, and the peeping of *Poperie* upon the stalls here, here, in the high places. See you not *Goldyllocks*, the purple strumpet there in her yellow gowne and greene sleeves? the prophane pipes, the tinkling timbrels? a shop of reliques? And this Idolatrous Grove of Images, this flasket of Idols which I will pull downe. (*Overthrows the gingerbread basket.*)

Even after he is safely secured in the stocks he continues to prophesy—

I am one that rejoiceth in his affliction and sitteth here to prophesie the destruction of *Faires* and *May games*, *Wakes* and *Whitsun ales*, and doth sigh and groane for the reformation of these abuses.

'Bartholomew Fair' was brought out in 1614, and during the remaining twenty-three years of his life Jonson produced no other great play. Some six or eight more were written, but they show declining powers, and one of them, 'The New Inn,' was so ill received that the poet relieved his feelings in an indignant ode addressed to himself—

Come leave the loathèd stage,
And the more loathsome age;
Where pride and impudence in faction knit,
Usurp the chair of wit!

Indicting and arraigning every day,
 Something they call a play.
 Let their fastidious, vain
 Commission of the brain
 Run on and rage, sweat, censure and condemn;
 They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

Say that thou pour'st them wheat,
 And they will acorns eat;
 'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste
 On such as have no taste!
 To offer them a surfeit of pure bread,
 Whose appetites are dead!
 No, give them grains their fill,
 Husks, draff to drink and swill;
 If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
 Envy them not, their palate's with the swine.

During all these years Jonson also wrote a number of masques for Court festivals. This species of entertainment was brought from Italy in King Henry's time, but King James took special delight in them, and large sums of money were lavished in providing the magnificent dresses and decorations, and the King and Queen, the princes and the great nobles took part in the stately dances and in the simple action of the drama.

These masques of Jonson's are now rather wearisome reading, but they contain many bright sparkling songs. The following verses are part of a description of Cupid:

He doth beare a golden Bow,
 And a Quiver, hanging low,
 Full of Arrows, that outbrave
 Dian's shafts; where, if he have
 Any head more sharp than other
 With that first he strikes his mother.

Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
 Seldom with his heart do meet;

All his practice is deceit ;
 Every gift it is a bait ;
 Not a kisse but poyson beares ;
 And most treason in his teares.

While Jonson provided the literary part of the masques, the scenery and the mechanical devices were the work of the architect Inigo Jones, and there was the bitterest rivalry between the two artists—Jonson told Prince Charles ‘that when he wanted words to express the greatest villain in the world he would call him an Inigo.’

In the summer of 1618 Jonson undertook a journey on foot to Scotland, and returned the next year. He purposed writing an account of his journey, but he did not do so, and the only memorial we have of the visit is a meagre account of his conversations with Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden, at whose house near Edinburgh he stayed for a little while.

In 1623 the folio edition of Shakspeare’s plays was published, and prefixed to it there is Jonson’s noble tribute of praise—

Soule of the Age !

The applause ! delight, the wonder of our Stage !
 My Shakespeare, rise ; I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye
 A little further, to make thee a roome ;
 Thou art a Moniment without a tombe,
 And art alive still while thy Booke doth live,
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
 He was not of an age, but for all time !
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When like Apollo he came forth to warme
 Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme !
 Nature her selfe was proud of her designes,
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines !

BEN JONSON

Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.

During the greater part of his life Jonson lived on terms of intimacy with the noblest and best in the land. King James and King Charles gave him special marks of their favour ; Shakspeare, Bacon, Selden, Camden, and others like them were his friends. At Penshurst he appears to have been a welcome guest, and Lord Pembroke, we are told, sent him every New Year's Day 20*l.* to buy books.

In the London taverns, which were then the gathering-places of the poets and wits, he reigned supreme. The poet Herrick, who was one of his admirers, celebrates these meetings thus :

Ah, Ben,
Say how or when
Shall we thy guests
Meet at those lyrick feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tunne ?
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad ;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meate, outdid the frolick wine.

The poet Beaumont also finely describes these gatherings—

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid ! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.

But Jonson's life was a careless and reckless one, and from time to time he was in want. All his life, too, in spite of his sturdy build, he was unhealthy, and in his later years he grew to an enormous bulk. He was troubled, too, with strange fancies. He told Drummond of Hawthornden that he had 'consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he had seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians fight in his imagination.' Towards the end of his life he was afflicted with palsy and dropsy, and he died in 1637.

A small part only of Jonson's work deserves to live with Shakspeare's. Even his most elaborate and powerfully drawn characters, such as Sir Epicure Mammon or Volpone, appear unreal and superficial when compared with Shakspeare's lifelike pictures. Jonson hampered himself by his strict adherence to the unities, and thus prevented himself from tracing the growth and development of a passion, as we see it in *Macbeth*, or *Lear*, or *Othello*. It is noticeable also that he has scarcely one well-drawn female figure, nothing to place near *Desdemona*, or *Imogen*, or *Miranda*. He has 'no passion, no rapture,' says one critic, and this is surely a great want in a poet.

A few of Jonson's lyric poems are excellent, and will perhaps be best remembered of all his works. Such is the following song from '*Cynthia's Revels*' :

Queene and huntresse chaste and faire,
Now the Sunne is laid to sleepe,
Seated in thy silver chaire,
State in wonted manner keepe,
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddesse, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearle apart
 And thy crystall shining quiver ;
 Give unto the flying Hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever :
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Such also is the little song in 'The Silent Woman'—

Give me a look, give me a face
 That makes simplicity a grace ;
 Robes loosely flowing, hayre as free :
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
 Than all the adulteries of Art ;
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

His epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke is thought to be one of the finest ever written.

Underneath this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother :
 Death ! ere thou hast slain another,
 Learned, and fair, and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

THE MINOR DRAMATISTS OF SHAKSPERE'S AGE.

'The whole period from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the close of the reign of Charles I. comprises a space of little more than half a century, within which time nearly all that we have of excellence in serious dramatic composition was produced, if we except the "Samson Agonistes" of Milton.'¹

In this period Shakspeare and Jonson by their peculiar excellences stand alone ; but there is a crowd of other

¹ Charles Lamb.

writers whose works show wonderful power and beauty, and some account must be given of a few of these.

Thomas Dekker was born in 1570, and died about 1637, and during this time he wrote many plays, of which 'Old Fortunatus' is perhaps the best. His name often occurs in 'Henslowe's Diary,' and from it we learn that he was more than once in prison, and his life was probably an alternation of want and merriment. In 1631 he plaintively says: 'I have been a priest in Apollo's Temple many years, my voice is decaying with my age, yet yours, being clear and above mine, shall much honour me, if you but listen to my old tunes.'

Dekker's 'Shoemaker's Holiday' is a very pleasant picture of London life, in which is portrayed the brave Simon Eyre, the shoemaker who entertained the king, and built Leadenhall, and finally became Lord Mayor of London. Dekker also wrote plays in conjunction with other authors. Some of the best parts of Massinger's 'Virgin Martyr' are his, and he sketched the female characters of Wenifrede and Susan in Ford's 'Witch of Edmonton.' Charles Lamb says of Dekker, with rather reckless praise, that 'he had poetry enough for anything.'

In the story of 'Old Fortunatus' with the purse and wishing-cap, Dekker's poetical powers are shown at their best. Fortunatus falls asleep in a wood in Cyprus, and on awaking he sees Fortune, who bids him make choice of 'wisedome, strength, health, beautie, long life, or riches'—

Staie, Fortunatus, once more heare me speake;
If thou kisse Wisedome's cheeke and make her thine,

She'lle breath into thy lips divinitie,
 And thou like Phebus shalt speake oracle,
 Thy Heaven-inspired soule, on Wisedome's wings,
 Shall flie up to the Parliament of Jove,
 And read the statutes of eternitie,
 And see what's past and learne what is to come.
 If thou lay claime to strength, armies shall quake
 To see thee frowne: as kings at mine do lie,
 So shall thy feete trample on emperie.
 Make health thine object, thou shalt be strong prooffe
 'Gainst the deepe searching darts of surfetting,
 Be ever merrie, ever revelling.
 Wish but for beautie, and within thine eyes
 Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim,
 And on thy cheekes I'll mixe such white and red
 That Jove shall turne away young Ganimede,
 And with immortall arms shall circle thee.
 Are thy desires long life? thy vitall thread
 Shall be stretcht out, thou shalt behold the chaunge
 Of monarchies, and see those children die,
 Whose great great graundsires now in cradles lie.
 If through golde's sacred hunger thou dost pine,
 Those gilded wantons which in swarmes doe runne
 To warm their tender bodies in the sunne
 Shall stand for number of those golden piles,
 Which in rich pride shall swell before thy feete,
 As those are, so shall these be infinite.

The old man chooses wealth, and, returning home, delights
 his two sons with the news—

Goe lads, be gallant;
 Shine in the streetes of Cyprus like two starres
 And make them bow their knees that once did spurne you
 For to effect such wonders, gold can turne you.
 Brave it in Famagosta, or elsewhere;
 Ile travell to the Turkish Emperour.
 And then Ile revell it with Prester John
 Or banquet with great Cham of Tartarie.
 And trie what frolicke court the Souldan keepes.
 Ile leave you presently. Teare off these rags;

Glitter, my boyes, like Angels, that the world
 May, whilst our life in pleasure's circle romes,
 Wonder at Fortunatus and his sons.

It need hardly be said that in the end the riches bring ruin and death upon Fortunatus and his sons.

Thomas Heywood was a University man and a Fellow of Peterhouse College, but the date of neither his birth nor death is known. He began play-writing at least as early as 1596, and he was a most prolific writer, for in 1633 he tells us that 'amongst two hundred and twenty plays I have had either an entire hand or at the least a main finger.' Charles Lamb speaks of him as 'a sort of prose Shakspeare,' and says that 'his characters of country gentlemen &c. are exactly what we see in life.'

Of Heywood's many plays only about two dozen have been preserved, and of these 'A Woman Killed with Kindness' is considered his masterpiece. 'The English Traveller' and 'The Fair Maid of the West' are also very fine, and from the former of these we make one extract.

Lionel, a gay young prodigal, is making free with his father's money, and is feasting with his wild companions, but in some fear and trembling, for the old gentleman is expected home from sea--

In the height of their carowsing, all their braines
 Warm'd with the heat of wine, discourse was offered
 Of ships and stormes at sea ; when suddenly
 Out of his giddy wildnesse, one conceives
 The roome wherein they quafft to be a pinnace,
 Mooving and floating ; and the confused noise
 To be the murmuring windes, gustes, marriners ;
 That their unstedfast footing did proceed
 From rocking of the vessel : this conceiv'd,

Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
 And to look out for safety. 'Flee,' saith one,
 'Up to the maintop and discover; ' hee
 Climbes by the bed post to the teastor, there
 Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards,
 And wills them if they'le save their ship and lives,
 To cast their lading overboard; at this
 All fall to worke, and hoyste into the street,
 As to the sea, what next comes to their hand,
 Stooles, tables, tressels, trenchers, bedsteds, cups,
 Pots, plate, and glasses; heere a fellow whistler.
 They take him for the boatswaine; one lyes struggling
 Upon the floore as if he swome for life;
 A third takes the base-violl for the cock-boate,
 Sits on the belly on't, labours and rowes,
 His oare the sticke with which the fiddler plaid:
 A fourth bestrides his fellowes, thinking to 'scape
 As did Arion on the dolphin's backe,
 Still fumbling on a gitterne.

Of the life of **John Webster** scarcely anything is known, not even the year of his birth or his death: and yet in some respects he came nearer than all his fellows to Shakspeare. 'There are only two poets of that age who make us feel that the words assigned to the creatures of their genius are the very words they must have said, the only words they could have said, the actual words they assuredly did say. The crowning gift of imagination, the power to make us realise that thus and not otherwise it was, that thus and not otherwise it must have been, was given to none of the poets of the time but only to Shakspeare and Webster.'¹

Webster was writing for the stage as early as 1601, and in 1624 he composed for the Merchant Taylors the pageant for the City for that year. Eight of his plays

¹ Swinburne.

have been preserved, but some of these were written only in part by him. His fame chiefly rests on two great tragedies, 'Vittoria Corombona' and the 'Duchess of Malfi,' both taken from Italian history, and both giving vivid pictures of the horrible depravity of Italian society in the fifteenth century. In the former play, Vittoria is false to her husband and connives at his murder; her lover, the Duke Brachiano, poisons his own wife, and in the end is poisoned by her brother and avenger; while Vittoria's brother, Flaminio, is a perfect villain, who is the instrument of many crimes, and who in the end meets with his sister the death he so well merits.

Among the pathetic scenes of the play is one where Brachiano's little son Giovanni is lamenting for his dead mother—

Giovanni. What do the dead do, uncle? do they eate,
Heare musicke, goe a hunting, and bee merrie
As wee that live?

Francisco. No, cose; they sleepe.

Giovanni. Lord, Lord, that I were dead!
I have not slept these sixe nights. When doe they wake?

Francisco. When God shall please.

Giovanni. Good God, let her sleepe ever!
For I have knowne her wake an hundreth nights,
When all the pillow where shee laid her head
Was brine wet with her teares. I am to complaine to
you, sir;
He tell you how they have used her now shee's dead.
They wrapped her in a cruell fould of lead,
And would not let mee kisse her.

In another part of the play Cornelia, the poor distracted mother of Vittoria, mourns thus over the body of her son slain by his brother:

This rosemarie is wither'd; pray, get fresh.
I would have these herbes grow up in his grave,

When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bayes,
 Ile tye a garland heere about his head,
 'Twill keepe my boy from lightning. This sheet
 I have kept this twentie yere, and everie daie
 Hallow'd it with my praiers; I did not thinke
 Hee should have wore it.

Then she sings a doleful song which her grandmother
 used to sing when the funeral bell tolled—

Call for the robin-red-brest and the wren,
 Since ore shadie groves they hover,
 And with leaves and flowres doe cover
 The friendlesse bodies of unburied men.
 Call unto his funerall dole
 The ante, the field mouse, and the mole,
 To reare him hillockes that shall keepe him warm
 And (when gay tombes are robbed) sustaine no harme,
 But keepe the wolfe far thence, that's foe to men,
 For with his nailes he'll dig them up agen.

On this Charles Lamb remarks: 'I never saw any-
 thing like this dirge except the ditty which reminds
 Ferdinand of his drowned father in the "Tempest." As
 that is of the water, watery, so this is of the earth,
 earthy.'

The 'Duchess of Malfi' is a play equally filled with
 horrors, and at the close the stage is strewed with the
 bodies of slain men, as in Shakspeare's 'Hamlet.' The
 duchess herself is a loving gentlewoman, who, by her
 marriage with one who is far below her in rank, incurs
 the fierce anger and vengeance of her two proud and im-
 placable brothers, a duke and a cardinal. The wife and
 husband think it will be prudent to part for a time, and
 the departure of Antonio is feelingly described—

Duchess. I had a very strange dreame to-night.

Antonio. What was't?

Duchess. Methought I wore my Coronet of State

And on a sudaine all the Diamonds
Were changed to Pearles.

Antonio. My Interpretation
Is, you'll weepe shortly; for to me, the pearles
Doe signifie your teares.

Duchess. The brds that live i' the field
On the wilde benefit of Nature live
Happier than we; for they may choose their Mates,
And carroll their sweet pleasures to the Spring.

Antonio. Doe not weepe.
Heaven fashioned us of nothing, and we strive
To bring ourselves to nothing; farewell, Cariola,
And thy sweet arme full. If I doe never see thee more,
Be a good Mother to your little ones,
And save them from the Tiger; fare you well.

Duchess. Let me looke upon you once more, for that speech
Came from a dying father; your kisse is colder
Then I have seene an holy Anchorite
Give to a dead man's skull.

Antonio. My heart is turnde to a heavy lump of lead,
With which I sound my danger; fare you well.

Duchess. My Laurell is all withered.

Philip Massinger was born at Salisbury in 1583. His father was a servant in some honourable capacity to the Herbert family, and it is possible that Philip may have been page at Wilton to Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke, and that he thus gained the knowledge of courtly manners which his writings manifest.

He went to Oxford in 1602, and William Herbert, the young Earl of Pembroke (the W. H. of Shakspeare's sonnets), was his patron and supporter. He left Oxford in 1606 without taking a degree, and it has been supposed that he had become a Roman Catholic and had lost Pembroke's help and countenance. The tone and subject-matter of several of his plays, especially of the 'Virgin Martyr,' render it probable that he had been thus converted.

Massinger appears then to have come to London and to have taken to play-writing, but there is no mention of his name till 1621, when one of his plays was acted at court.

Little more is known of Massinger's life, and in 1638 he died in his house on the Bankside and was buried in St. Saviour's, in the same grave, so it is said, with John Fletcher, his fellow-dramatist and co-worker.

Massinger wrote many plays which have been lost ; but eighteen have been preserved, and of these the best are 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts,' 'The Great Duke of Florence,' and 'The Virgin Martyr.'

In the first of these plays Massinger draws his most powerful character, that of Sir Giles Overreach, a grasping tyrannical man who plots the ruin of his neighbours in order to gain their estates. He himself describes his method of devouring a victim—

Ile therefore buy some cottage neare his mannour,
Which done, Ile make my men breake ope his fences,
Ride ore his standing corne, and in the night
Set fire on his farmes, or breake his cattells' legges;
These trespasses draw on suites, and suites expences
Which I can spare, but will soone begger him.
When I have harmed him thus two or three yeare,
Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behindhand.
Then with the favour of my man of Law,
I will pretend some title; want will force him
To put it to arbitrement; then if he sell
For halfe the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possesse his land.

When one remonstrates with him—

Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families made wretched
By your sinister practices?—

he answers shamelessly :

Yes, as rocks are
 When foamie billowes split themselves against
 Their flinty ribbes ; or as the moone is mov'd
 When wolves, with hunger pin'd, howle at her brightnesse.
 When they call me
 Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant or intruder
 On my poore neighbour's right, or grand incloser
 Of what was common, to my private use ;
 Nay, when my ears are pierced with widdowes cries,
 And undone orphants wash with teares my threshold,
 I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
 Right honorable ; and 'tis a powerfull charme
 Makes me insensible of remorse or pitty,
 Or the least sting of conscience.

His daughter Margaret is as gentle and delightful as
 her father is odious—

If ever
 The Queene of flowers, the glory of the spring,
 The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,
 Sprang from an envious briar, I may inferre
 There's such disparitie in their conditions,
 Betweene the goddesse of my soule, the daughter,
 And the base churle her father.

Sir Giles hopes to gain Lord Lovell for a son-in-law,
 and spares no cost for his entertainment—

Let no plate be seene but what's pure gold
 Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
 That it is made of ; let my choicest linneſſe
 Perfume the roome, and, when we wash, the water
 With pretious powders mix'd, so please my Lord
 That he may with envy wish to bath so ever.

His daughter, too, must dress in her best—

Ha ! this is a neate dressing !
 These orient pearles and diamonds well plac'd too !
 The gowne affects me not, it should have beene
 Embroider'd o're and o're with flowers of gold ;
 But these rich jewels and quaint fashion helpe it.
 And how below ? since oft the wanton eye,

The face observd, descends unto the foot,
Which being well proportioned as yours is,
Invites as much as perfect white and red,
Though without art.

In the end Margaret weds not Lord Lovell, but her own true lover Allworth ; the title-deeds which Sir Giles has wickedly obtained are found to be invalid, and he himself goes mad with disappointment and rage.

Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher.—Of all the followers of Shakspeare, perhaps the greatest were the pair whose names will now be for ever united. Literary partnership among the dramatists of that age was no uncommon thing, but the union of Beaumont and Fletcher was very close and tender. ‘They lived,’ says an old writer, ‘together on the Bankside not far from the playhouse, were both bachelors, lay together, and had but one servant in the house.’ And this was not from poverty but choice ; for, unlike their fellow-dramatists, they belonged to the higher ranks of society ; Beaumont’s father being a judge, while Fletcher was son of the Bishop of London.

They were therefore thoroughly familiar with the manners and language of the court, and Dryden considered that in some respects they excelled even Shakspeare. ‘They understood and imitated the conversation of gentleman much better, whose wild debaucheries and quickness of wit in repartees no poet can ever paint as they have done. I am apt to believe that the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection ; what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than necessary.’

Beaumont was the younger of the two, being born in 1584, while Fletcher was born in 1579. Beaumont died young in 1626, within a month or two of Shakspeare, while Fletcher lived on till 1625.

In the joint works of the two poets it is difficult, if not impossible, to separate the parts belonging to each; but it is thought that the characters which display the greatest depth of imagination are the work of Beaumont, while the many light and graceful scenes were contributed by Fletcher. We are told that Beaumont was held in high esteem by Ben Jonson, who 'while he lived submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting if not in contriving all his plots.'¹ On the other hand, Fletcher had the honour of being fellow-worker with Shakspeare. The fine play of 'The two Noble Kinsmen,' in which Chaucer's story of 'Palæmon and Arcite' is again set forth, is stated to be the work of 'the admirable worthies of their time, Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakspeare.' Later critics agree, too, that a considerable portion of Henry VIII. is the work of Fletcher.

One of the earliest of the joint plays of Beaumont and Fletcher is 'Philaster,' which has been called 'the loveliest though not the loftiest of tragic plays that we owe to the companions or the successors of Shakspeare.'² Philaster is a prince, and the true heir to the crown of Sicily, but is kept from his rights by the King of Calabria, who would imprison and even kill him if he dared, but—the city was in armes not to bee charm'd downe by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streetes please

¹ Dryden.

² Swinburne.

and without a guard; at which they threw their hats and their armes from them, some to make bonfires, some to drinke, all for his deliverance.

Then the king invites Pharamond, the Prince of Spain, to marry his daughter Arethusa, intending thus to ally his country with a mighty foreign kingdom. But Philaster defies Pharamond even in the king's presence—

I tell thee, Pharamond,
When thou art king, looke I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes; for, heare me, Pharamond,
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave
Into her hidden bowells; prince, it shall;
By Nemesis it shall!

‘Sure hee’s possesst,’ says the king, and the prince answers:

Yes, with my father’s spirit. It’s here, O King,
A dangerous spirit! now he tells me, King,
I was a King’s Heire, bids me be a King,
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.
’Tis strange he will not let me sleepe, but daves
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneele and doe me service, cry me King.

Philaster and Arethusa meet and confess their mutual love, and the prince arranges that his page Bellario shall enter her service, and shall carry their messages of love. Bellario, like Shakspeare’s Viola, is a maiden in disguise, and in one of the finest passages of the play Philaster describes how he first met with her—

I have a boy
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seene in the Court. Hunting the bucke,

I found him sitting by a fountaine's side,
 Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
 And payd the Nymph againe as much in teares.
 A garland lay him by, made by himselfe
 Of many severall flowers bred in the yale,
 Stucke in that misticke order that the rarenesse
 Delighted me; but ever when he turn'd
 His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weepe,
 As if he meant to make 'em grow againe.
 Seeing such pretty helpelesse innocence
 Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;
 He told me that his parents gentle dyed,
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
 Which gave him rootes; and of the christall springs,
 Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
 Which still, he thank'd him, yeelded him his light.
 Then took he up his garland, and did shew
 What every flower, as country people hold,
 Did signifie, and how all, ordered thus,
 Expresst his griefe; and, to my thoughts, did reade
 The prettiest lecture of his country art
 That could be wisht; so that methought I could
 Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd
 Him, who was glad to follow; and have got
 The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
 That ever maister kept. Him will I send
 To waite on you, and beare our hidden love.

After a time Philaster is led to believe that Arethusa
 and Bellario are false to him, and he retreats to the woods
 in despair--

Oh, that I had beene nourish'd in these woods
 With milke of goates and akrons, and not knowne
 The right of crownes nor the dissembling traines
 Of women's lookes; but digged myself a cave,
 Where I, my fire, my cattell, and my bed,
 Might have beene shut together in one shed;
 And then had taken me some mountaine girle,
 Beaten with winds, chaste as the hard'ned rocks
 Whereon she dwelt, that might have strewed my bed

With leaves and reedes, and with the skins of beasts
Our neighbours, and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue ! This had beene a life
Free from vexation.

In the end misunderstandings are removed, Philaster and Arethusa are happily united, and the unworthy Prince Pharamond returns to his own land.

There are more than fifty plays which bear the names of the two poets, but it is thought that thirteen only of them are really their joint work. The rest were written by Fletcher either alone or in conjunction with Massinger or other dramatists. Next to 'Philaster,' the best plays of the two friends are perhaps 'The Maid's Tragedy' and 'A King and no King.' Among those written by Fletcher alone, the best are perhaps 'Rule a Wife and have a Wife' and 'The Faithful Shepherdess.' The latter is one of three beautiful pastoral poems which English literature possesses, the other two being Ben Jonson's 'Sad Shepherd' and Milton's 'Comus.'

These names do not exhaust the list of authors. There is Chapman, the burly translator of Homer, who was also great at a play or a masque; Middleton, whose play of 'The Witch' has curious points of resemblance to 'Macbeth'; Ford and Tourneur, whose tragedies, like those of Webster, are tales of terror; and Shirley, with whom this great period of the drama declines and ends. 'After the pallid moonrise of Shirley, the glory had passed away from our drama to alight upon that summit of epic song whence Milton held communion with darkness and the stars.'¹

¹ Swinburne.

Great as many of these writers are, their highest efforts of imagination only bring out into greater relief the incomparable grace and majesty of Shakspeare. Charles Lamb says of one of them: 'His scenes are to the full as natural and affecting as Shakspeare's. But we miss *the poet*—that which in Shakspeare always appears out and above the surface of *the nature*. Shakspeare makes us believe while we are among his lovely creations that they are nothing but what we are familiar with, as in dreams new things seem old, but we awake and sigh for the difference.'

Perhaps in nothing is the superiority of Shakspeare more strikingly shown than in his sobriety both in the choice and the treatment of his subjects. Many of the subjects chosen by the lesser dramatists are stories of wild and unnatural crimes, and the very titles of some of them are offensive to modern ears. We do not wonder that the stern Puritans frowned upon the drama, and in their day of power the theatres were closed in 1642, and more decisively in 1648.

TWO BROTHERS: EDWARD AND GEORGE HERBERT.

THE 'Life of George Herbert' is one of the pleasant little biographies written by Izaak Walton. The poet was born, we are told, in 1593, in Montgomery Castle, 'a place of state and strength which had been successively happy in the family of Herberts, who had long possessed it; and with it a plentiful estate, and hearts as liberal to their poor neighbours.'

George was the fifth of seven brothers, and Edward, who became Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was the eldest. The father died when George was four years old, but the mother was a wise and accomplished woman, and she reared her children well. She was a patroness of men of letters, and among them of the poet Donne, and Walton tells us that he 'saw and heard this Mr. John Donne (who was then Dean of St. Paul's) weep and preach her funeral sermon in the parish church of Chelsea, near London, where she now rests in her quiet grave.'

George was sent at an early age to Westminster School, 'where the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age that he seemed to be marked out for piety.'

At the age of fifteen he went to Cambridge, and at twenty-two he was Master of Arts and Senior Fellow of his college. A few years later he was chosen Orator of the University, and held the office for eight years with great approbation. The scholarly King James said 'that he took him to be the jewel of that University,' and Sir Francis Bacon and Launcelot, Bishop of Winchester, are mentioned as two of his most devoted friends.

Herbert was looking forward to some preferment at court, but when King James died his court hopes were over, and 'at last God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at His altar.'

His first church was at Layton Ecclesia, near Spalding, in Huntingdonshire, where the church was in ruins; but Herbert did not rest till it was re-edified and made beautiful, 'being, for the workmanship, a costly mosaic.

for the form an exact cross, and for the decency and beauty the most remarkable parish church that this nation afforded.'

Herbert's dearest friend at this time was Nicholas Ferrar, who was at the head of a Protestant monastery which was much talked of then, at Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire. Here, with his mother and brother and nieces and servants, a company in all of about thirty persons, Ferrar maintained almost without intermission, by day and by night, a reading of the psalms and church prayers, and portions of the Scripture.

In 1629 Herbert was seized with ague, and was compelled to remove to different air, and the next year he became rector of Bemerton, near Salisbury. He was now married, and he spent three happy years in Bemerton. Music had always been one of his greatest pleasures, and 'he went usually twice every week on certain appointed days to the cathedral church in Salisbury; and at his return would say "that his time spent in prayer and cathedral music elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth."'

Herbert died in 1633, and on his death-bed he said to a friend who stood by, 'I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar. Desire him to read it, and then if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public; if not let him burn it; for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies.'

This was the famous little book 'The Temple, or Sacred Poems, and Private Ejaculations,' of which three editions were issued in that first year, 1633, and many

an edition since. The book contains about 150 little poems, all breathing a spirit of piety and purity ; but they are not all of equal excellence. Perhaps the most perfect is the following :

VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie :
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye ;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie ;
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
And though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

The poem on 'Sunday' is also beautiful, and the following are two of the finest stanzas :

Sundaies the pillares are,
On which heavens palace archèd lies ;
The other dayes fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitfull beds and borderes
In Gods rich garden ; that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundaies of mans life,
Thredded together on times string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternall glorious King.
On Sunday heavens gate stands ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful then hope.

The poem beginning 'Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell?' is also very beautiful, but it is too long to be extracted. Some of Herbert's poems are very quaint and fanciful, as the following:

Jesu is in my heart, his sacred name
Is deeply carved there; but th' other week
A great affliction broke the little frame,
Ev'n all to pieces; which I went to seek:
And first I found the corner, where was J,
After, where ES, and next where U was graved.
When I had got these parcels, instantly
I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
That to my broken heart he was *I ease you*,
And to my whole is *Jesu*.

Such, too, is the following:

PARADISE.

I blesse thee, Lord, because I *grow*
Among thy trees, which in a *row*
To thee both fruit and order *ow*.
What open force, or hidden *charm*
Can blast my fruit, or bring me *harm*,
While the inclosure is thine *arm*?
Inclose me still for fear I *start*,
Be to me rather sharp and *tart*
Than let me want thy hand and *art*.
When thou dost greater judgements *spare*,
And with thy knife but prune and *pare*,
Ev'n fruitfull trees more fruitfull *are*.
Such sharpnes shows the sweetest *friend*,
Such cuttings rather heal then *rend*,
And such beginnings touch their *end*.

The elder brother, Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was a very different man. He died in 1633, thus outliving George by fifteen years. He wrote and published in 1633 a Latin work, 'De Veritate,' on the subject of natural as opposed to revealed religion, and he was thus one of the

earliest as he was also one of the ablest of English free-thinkers.

He also wrote a 'History of Henry VIII.' after the model of Bacon's 'History of Henry VII.'; but the work by which he is best known is his autobiography, which lay in manuscript for a century after his death, and was first published by Horace Walpole.

This work is in many respects most interesting, but some little suspicion of its truthfulness is aroused by the tone of self-satisfaction which fills it. No one so valiant, so sagacious, so successful as Lord Herbert himself.

The following description of an ancestor is a keynote to the book:

My great-grandfather, Sir Richard Herbert of Colebrook, was that incomparable hero who twice past through a great army of Northern men alone, with his pole-ax in his hand, and returned without any mortal hurt, which is more than is famed of Amadis de Gall, or the Knight of the Sun.

The writer pays an affectionate tribute to the memory of his brother George—

My brother George was so excellent a scholar that he was made the public Orator of the University in Cambridge, some of whose English works are extant, which tho they be rare in their kind, yet are far short of expressing those perfections he had in the Greek and Latin Tongue, and all divine and human literature. His life was most holy and exemplary, insomuch that about Salisbury, where he lived benefited for many years, he was little less than sainted.

At school Lord Herbert was sometimes punished for fighting, but never for lying—

I remember in that time I was corrected sometimes for going to cuffs with two schoolfellows, being both elder than myself, but never for telling a lye or any other fault; and I can affirm to all the world truly, that from my first infancy to this hour I told not willingly anything that was false, my soul naturally having an antipathy to lying and deceit.

He proved himself also a most nimble learner—

I did without any master or teacher attain the knowledge of the French, Italian and Spanish Languages by the help of some books in Latin or English; I attained also to sing my part at first sight in Music, and to play on the Lute with very little or almost no teaching. My intention in learning Languages being to make myself a Citizen of the World as far as it were possible, and my learning of Music was for this end, that I might entertain myself at home, and together refresh my mind after my studies.

Lord Herbert regarded the study of medicine as a most proper one for a gentleman and a soldier, and he gives several marvellous instances of his skill in prescription.

About 1600 he came to London and to the court—

I was likewise upon my knee in the Presence Chamber, when the queen passed by to the Chapell at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me, she stopt, and swearing her usual Oath demanded, 'Who is this?' Everybody there present looked upon me, but no man knew me, until Sir James Croft, a Pensioner, finding the queen stayed, returned back and told who I was, and that I had married Sir William Herbert of St. Gillian's daughter. The queen hereupon looked attentively upon me, and swearing again her ordinary Oath, said it was a pity he was married so young, and thereupon gave her hand to kiss twice, both times gently clapping me on the cheek.

A little while later he went to France, and he won the friendship of the great Duke of Montmorency, and he gives a beautiful description of the duke's castle at Chantilly, where he was both now and in later years a welcome guest.

Lord Herbert gives an account of several duels in which his opponents failed to appear, and he describes a terrible combat with Sir John Ayres in Scotland Yard, in which he remained the victor, though fighting against terrible odds.

Once while living in London his house was attacked by robbers at midnight—

Taking a Sword in one hand and a little Target in the other, I did in my shirt run down the Stairs, open the Doors suddainly and charged ten, or twelve of them with that fury that they ran away, some throwing away their Halberts, others hurting their fellows to make them go faster in a narrow way they were to pass; in which disordered manner I drove them to the middle of the Street by the Exchange, where, finding my bare feet hurt by the stones I trod on, I thought fit to return home, and leave them to their flight.

He was sent as ambassador to France, and he gives a curious little picture of King Louis XIII.—

His words were never many, as being so extream a Stutterer, that he wou'd sometimes hold his Tongue out of his Mouth a good while, before he cou'd speak so much as one word; he had, besides, a double row of Teeth, and was observed seldom or never to spit, or blow his Nose, or to sweat much, thò he were very laborious, and almost indifati-gable in his Exercises of Hunting and Hawking to which he was much addicted.

When Lord Herbert had finished his book 'De Veritate' he doubted whether it would be expedient to publish it, and he appealed to heaven for guidance—

Being thus doubtfull in my Chamber, one fair day in the Summer, my Casement being opened towards the South, the Sun shining clear, and no Wind stirring, I took my book 'De Veritate' in my hand, and, kneeling on my Knees, devoutly said these words:—'O Thou Eternal God, Author of the Light which now shines upon me, and Giver of all inward Illuminations, I do beseech Thee of Thy infinite Goodness, to pardon a greater Request than a Sinner ought to make; I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book 'De Veritate.' If it be for Thy Glory, I beseech Thee give me some Sign from Heaven; if not, I shall suppress it.'

I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud thò yet gentle Noise came from the Heavens (for it was like nothing on Earth), which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my Petition as granted, and that I had the Sign I demanded, whereupon also I resolved to print my Book.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

THERE are some five or six names—Hooker, Taylor, Barrow, Berkeley, Butler, Wilson—the great ornaments of the Church of England, of whom some account must be given. Of these Hooker is perhaps the greatest, but Jeremy Taylor excels all the others in the richness of his overflowing imagination and in the music and charm of his language.

He is a prose poet of the age which followed Shakspeare, and in his finest passages he reminds us of the great poet. ‘Metaphors multiply one above the other, jumbled, blocking each other’s path as in Shakspeare. We think to follow one, and a second begins, then a third cutting into the second, and so on, flower after flower, firework after firework, so that the brightness becomes misty with sparks and the sight ends in a haze.’¹

A fine example of this exuberance of fancy may be taken from his sermon on ‘The Return of Prayers.’ He is describing how anger, even righteous anger, prevents our prayers from ascending to heaven—

For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grasse, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climbe above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern winde, and his motion made irregular and unconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, then it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned musick and motion from an Angell as he passed sometimes through the aire about his ministries here below: so are the prayers of a good man when his affairs have required businesse, and his busi-

¹ Taine.

ness was matter of discipline, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose that prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God till it returns like the usefull Bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

Taylor was born in 1613 in Cambridge, where his father was a barber. He became a sizar, or poor scholar, of Caius College, and he was elected Fellow in 1631. He came to London as a preacher, and gained the notice and friendship of Laud, who sent him to Oxford to continue his studies, and who afterwards chose him as one of his chaplains. He was made rector of Uppingham in Huntingdonshire in 1638; but he lost the living when the civil war broke out, and he was one of those who joined King Charles at Oxford.

We have no full and exact account of his life during the years of trouble that followed, but we know that he suffered fine and imprisonment more than once, and in the Dedication prefixed to 'Holy Living and Dying' he makes pathetic allusion to the troubles of the time—

I have lived to see Religion painted upon banners and thrust out of Churches; and the Temple turned into a Tabernacle made ambulatory, and covered with skins of beasts and torn curtains; and God to be worshipped, not as he is, 'the Father of our Lord Jesus' (an afflicted Prince, the King of sufferings), nor as the 'God of peace' (which two appellatives God newly took upon him in the New Testament, and glories in for ever), but he is owned now rather as 'the Lord of Hosts' which title he was pleased to lay aside, when the kingdom of the Gospel was preached by the Prince of Peace.

In the dedication prefixed to another work he tells how his fortune had carried him into Wales, and in that country he remained for some years—

In this great Storm which hath dasht the Vessell of the Church all in pieces. I have been cast upon the Coast of Wales, and in a little Boat thought to have enjoyed that rest and quietnesse which in England in a greater I could not hope for. And now since I have come ashoar I have been gathering a few sticks to warm me, a few books to entertain my thoughts, and divert them from the perpetuall Meditation of my private troubles, and the public dyscrasy.

In company with some other dispossessed clergymen, he opened a school at Newton Hall in Caermarthenshire, and he gained a warm friend and patron in the Earl of Carberry, who lived in the neighbourhood; and we possess a full year's course of beautiful sermons which Taylor preached in the Earl's mansion of Golden Grove.

It was in this retreat that Taylor composed his 'Liberty of Propheying,' which some consider his chief work, and which was published in 1647. It is a noble plea for toleration of difference of opinion in matters of religion. The mind of man being what it is, uniformity of opinion is impossible, and holiness of life is of far greater importance.

Although the Spirit of God did rest upon us in divided tongues, yet so long as those tongues were of fire, not to kindle strife, but to warme our affections and inflame our charities, we should finde that this variety of opinions in severall persons would be look't upon as an argument only of diversity of operations while the Spirit is the same.

He maintains that persecution on account of error in religion is not warranted by the example of the early Church, and he quotes with approbation the saying of Chrysostom :

We ought to reprove and condemn impieties and heretical *doctrines*, but to spare the *men*, and to pray for their salvation.

He closes this learned and eloquent work with a beautiful parable—

I end with a story which I find in the Jews' books. When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age; he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, 'I thrust him away because he did not worship thee.' God answered him, 'I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me, and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?' Upon which, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. 'Go thou and do likewise,' and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

A little while later appeared the work by which Jeremy Taylor will be best remembered—his 'Holy Living and Dying,' which he composed at the request of the Countess of Carberry. We have room but for a short specimen of the eloquence and imagination with which this work is filled. In the section on the 'Presence of God' he says:

God is everywhere present by his power. He rous the orbs of Heaven with his hand; he fixes the Earth with his foot; he guides all the Creatures with his eye, and refreshes them with his influence; He makes the powers of Hell to shake with his terrors, and binds the Devils with his word, and throws them out with his command; and sends the Angels on embassies with his decrees. He it is that assists at

the numerous productions of fishes; and there is not one hollowess at the bottom of the sea, but he shewes himself to be Lord of it, by sustaining there the Creatures that come to dwell in it; and in the wilderness the bittern and the stork, the dragon and the satyr, the unicorn and the elk, live upon his provisions and revere his power, and feel the force of his Almightyness.

Other works were composed by Taylor, and for some expressions in one of these, so it is thought, he suffered a short imprisonment during Cromwell's Protectorate. In 1658, on the invitation of the Duke of Ormond, he settled at Lisburne in the North of Ireland, living in a pleasant retreat on the shores of Lough Neagh.

When Charles II. became king, Taylor was made Bishop of Down and Connor and Dromore, and also Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. He had much trouble with the sturdy Scotch Presbyterian ministers of Ulster, but all men revered his gentleness and piety. He died in 1667, and was buried in Dromore. He was twice married, and his sermons on 'The Marriage Ring' are among the most beautiful of those which he preached at Golden Grove.

TWO PROSE WRITERS—BURTON, BROWNE.

BURTON's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' is one of the strangest books in English literature. At first sight it appears to be little more than a medley of quotations from the classics, and from the books of science of the early and middle ages. But it is really a work which displays judgment and imagination, and it has proved a fascinating book to thinkers. Dr. Johnson said it was

the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise.

The writer, Robert Burton, was born in Leicestershire in 1576, was educated at Oxford, and in 1599 was elected Student of Christ Church College. In 1616 he was made rector of St. Thomas in Oxford, and the rectory of Segrave, in his native county, was also given him. He lived chiefly at Oxford in the congenial society of University men, and the writing of the 'Anatomy' was the great work of his life.

Wood, the antiquarian, says of him that he was an exact mathematician, a curious calculator of nativities, a general read scholar, and a thorough-paced philologist. As he was by many accounted a severe student, a devourer of authors, a melancholy and humorous person; so by others who knew him well, a person of great honesty, plain-dealing and charity.

Another writer tells us that

he composed his book with a view of relieving his own melancholy, but increased it to such a degree that nothing could make him laugh but going to the bridge-foot, and hearing the ribaldry of the bargemen, which rarely failed to throw him into a violent fit of laughter.

He died in January 1640, at about the time calculated and predicted by himself, and

several of the students did not forbear to whisper among themselves that rather than there should be a mistake in the calculation, he sent up his soul to heaven through a slip about his neck.

The author of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy' styles himself Democritus Junior, and in a long address to the reader he compares himself to the ancient philosopher Democritus of Abdera, whom he thus describes :

Democritus was a little wearyish olde man, very melancholy by nature, averse from company in his latter times, and much given to

solitarinesse, a famous Philosopher in his age, coævus with Socrates, wholly addicted to his studies at the last, and to a private life. He knew the natures, differences of all beasts, plants, fishes, birds; and as some say, could understand the tunes and voices of them. A man of an excellent wit, profound conceit, and to attaine knowledge the better in his younger years, he travelled to Egypt and Attens to confer with learned men, admired of some, despised of others. After a wandring life hee settled at Abdera, a towne in Thrace, and was sent for thither to be their law maker, Recorder, or Towne Clearke as some will; or as others he was there bred and borne. There hee lived at last in a garden in the suburbs, wholly betaking him to his studies and a private life, saving that sometimes hee would walke downe to the haven, and laugh hartely at such variety of ridiculous objects which there he saw.

Then the author describes himself—

I have liv'd a silent, sedentary, solitary private life in the University, as long almost as Xenocrates in Athens to learn wisdom as he did, penned up most part in my study. I have been brought up a student in the most flourishing college in Europe; for thirty years I have continued a scholar, and would be therefore loth, either by living as a drone, to be an unprofitable or unworthy member of so noble and learned a society, or to write that which should be in any way dishonourable to such a royal and ample foundation.

I have confusedly tumbled over divers authors in our libraries with small profit for want of art, order, memory, judgement. I never travelled but in map or card, in which my unconfined thoughts have freely expatiated as having ever beene especially delighted with the study of Cosmography.

I live still a collegiate student, as Democritus in his garden, and lead a monastic life sequestered from those tumults and troubles of the world, and in some high place above you all, I hear and see what is done abroad, how others run, ride, turmoil and macerate themselves in court and country. I laugh at all, only secure lest my suit go amiss, my ships perish, corn and cattle miscarry, trade decay, I have no wife nor children good or bad to provide for.

He thinks that he may well be melancholy since the whole world is mad—

Charon was conducted by Mercury to a place where heemight see all the world at once; after hee had sufficiently vewed and looked about,

Mercury would needs know of him what he had observed. Hee told him that hee saw a vast multitude and a promiscuous, their habitations like mole-hills, the men as emmets; hee could discern cities like so many hives of bees, v herein every Bee had a sting, and they did naught else but sting one another, some domineering like Hornets bigger then the rest, some like filching Wasps, others as Drones. Over their heads were hovering a confused company of perturbations, hope, feare, anger, avarice, ignorance, and a multitude of diseases hanging which they still pulled on their heads. In conclusion he condemned them all for madmen, fooles, idiots, asses. O fooles! O madmen! he exclaimes. Mad indeavours, mad actions, mad, mad, mad, a giddy-headed age.

Heraclitus the Philosopher out of a serious meditation of men's lives fell a weeping, and with continuall teares bewailed their miseries, madnesse and folly. Democritus on the other side burst out a laughing, their whole life seemed to him so ridiculous, and hee was so far carried with this ironical passion that the citizens of Abdera took him to be mad, and sent therefore Embassadors to Hippocrates the physician that he would exercise his skill upon him.

In the body of his work Burton gives a minute but fanciful description of the organs of the human body. He speaks thus of the heart:

The sonne of our body, the king and sole commander of it, the seat and organe of all passions and affections. *Primum vivens ultimum moriens*, it lives first and dies last in all creatures. Of a paramidicall forme and not much unlike to a Pineapple; a part worthy of admiration, that can yeeld such variety of affections, by whose motion he is dilated or contracted, to stirre and command the humours in the body. As in sorrow, melancholy; in anger, choler; in joy, to send the blood outwardly; in sorrowe to call it in; mooving the humours as horses doe a chariot.

Among the many causes of melancholy, Burton considers devils to be perhaps the most potent, and he lavishes his stores of learning in describing their nature and habits:

Concerning the first beginning of them the Thalmudists say that Adam had a wife called Lilis, before he married Eve, and of her hee begat nothing but divels. Not so much as an haire breadth empty in heaven,

earth or waters, above or under the earth. The earth is not so full, of flies in summer as it is at all times of invisible Divels. Aeriall divels are such as keepe quarter most part in the ayre, cause many tempests, thunder and lightnings, teare Okes, fire Steeples, Houses, strike Men and Beasts, make it rain stones, as in Livy's time, wool, frogges, etc. They cause whirlwinds on a sudden, and tempestuous storms; which though our meteorologists generally refer to natural causes, yet I am of Bodine's mind they are more often caused by those aeriall divels.

Terrestriall divels are those Lares, Genii, Faunes, Satyrs, Wood-nymphs, Foliots, Fairies, Robin Goodfellows, Trulli, etc., which as they are most conversant with men so they doe them most harme. These are they that dance on heathes and greenes, and leave that green circle which we commonly find in plain fields, which others hold to proceed from a meteor falling, or some accidental rankness of the ground, so nature sports herself; they are sometimes seene by old women and children.

Another kinde there are which frequent forlorne houses; they will make strange noyses in the night, howl sometimes pitifully, and then laugh again. cause great flame and sudden lights, fling stones, rattle chaines, shave men, open doors and shut them, fling downe platters, stooles, chests, sometimes appeare in the likenesse of hares, crows, black dogges, etc.

Burton has prefixed to his work several short poems, and one of these, in its alternat stanzas of praise and dispraise of melancholy, appears to have suggested to Milton the idea of his twin poems of 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso.' We have room but for one pair of stanzas—

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine;
Here now, then there; the world is mine;
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine.

All other joys to this are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends; my fantasy

Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men and apes,
Doleful outcries, and fearful sights,
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so damned as melancholy.

Sir Thomas Browne had many points of resemblance to Burton. They were both among the most learned men of the time, both took a pleasure in pursuing abstruse and out-of-the-way trains of thought, and the language of both is quaint, and is lit with gleams of fancy and imagination.

Sir Thomas Browne was born in London in 1605, was educated at Winchester School, and afterwards at Oxford, and when his college course was finished he gave himself up to the study and practice of medicine. He travelled into France, Italy and the Netherlands, and received a doctor's degree at Leyden about 1633. He then returned to England, and in retirement in Yorkshire he wrote his first and best work, the '*Religio Medici*.' He tells us it was a work composed at leisure hours for his private exercise and satisfaction, and only by accident did it get abroad some half a dozen years later, in 1642. It then became quickly famous—was translated into Latin, Italian, and German; and no less than eleven English editions were published during the author's lifetime.

The design of the work is to show that a philosopher and man of science may yet be a pious Christian—

For my Religion, though there be several circumstances that might persuade the World I have none at all—as the general scandal of my Profession, the natural course of my Studies, the indifferency of my behaviour and discourse in matters of Religion (neither violently defend-

ing one nor with that common ardour and contention opposing another), yet in despite hereof I dare without usurpation assume the honourable style of a Christian.

Not that I merely owe this title to the font, my education, or the clime wherein I was born; but that having, in my riper years and confirmed judgement, seen and examined all, I find myself obliged by the principles of grace, and the law of mine own reason, to embrace no other name but this; neither doth herein my zeal so far make me forget the general charity I owe unto humanity, as rather to hate than pity Turks, Infidels, and (what is more) Jews; rather contenting myself to enjoy that happy style, than maligning those who refuse so glorious a title.

The mysteries of religion, which have staggered the faith of some, present no difficulties to him—

Methinks there be not impossibilities enough in Religion for an active faith; the deepest Mysteries ours contains have not only been illustrated, but maintained by syllogism and the rule of reason. I love to lose myself in a mystery; to pursue my reason to an *O Altitudo!* 'Tis my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the Trinity, Incarnation, and Resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan and my rebellious reason with that odd resolution I learned of Tertullian—*Certum est quia impossibile est*. I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point; for to credit ordinary and visible objects is not faith, but persuasion.

Some believe the better for seeing Christ's sepulchre; and when they have seen the Red Sea doubt not of the miracle. Now contrarily I bless myself and am thankful that I live not in the days of miracles; that I never saw Christ nor his disciples. I would not have been one of those Israelites that passed the Red Sea; nor one of Christ's patients on whom he wrought his wonders: then had my faith been thrust upon me; nor should I enjoy that greater blessing pronounced to all that believe and saw not. 'Tis an easy and necessary belief to credit what our eye and sense hath examined. I believe he was dead and buried, and rose again; and desire to see him in his glory rather than to contemplate him in his cenotaphe or sepulchre.

Browne now settled as a physician at Norwich, and there he passed the rest of his long and honourable life. In his 'Religio' he had spoken rather slightly of marriage, and had wished that the race of man might

be propagated like trees, but he now married a lady with whom he lived happily for more than forty years, and he had a large family of sons and daughters. He corresponded with and was visited by some of the most learned men of the time, and 'his whole house and garden were a paradise and cabinet of varieties, and that of the best collections, especially medals, books, plants and natural things.' In 1671 Charles II. visited Norwich, and conferred upon him the well-deserved honour of knighthood. He died in October 1682.

During his life at Norwich he wrote a number of works, of which the chief were 'Enquiries into Vulgar Errors,' 'The Garden of Cyrus,' and 'Urn Burial.' The first of these works shows great learning and research, and it is a curious collection and discussion of popular errors, such as that 'Crystal is nothing else but ice strongly congealed,' that 'elephants have no joints,' that 'the salamander lives in the fire,' and others of like nature. It was, no doubt, in its time a valuable contribution to science, but its methods and results have been long obsolete. The 'Hydriotaphia, or Urn Burial' was suggested by the discovery in 1656 of some ancient urns at Norwich, and the work contains some of the author's most eloquent passages—

The treasures of time lie high, in Urns, Coyns, and Monuments, scarce below the roots of some Vegetables. Time hath endless rarities, and shows of all varieties, which reveals old things in Heaven, makes new discoveries in Earth, and even Earth itself a discovery. That great Antiquity America lay buried for thousands of years, and a large part of the Earth is still in the Urn unto us.

Near the close of the work he discusses the longing of mankind to escape oblivion—

A great part of Antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their Souls—a good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves make accumulation of Glory unto their last durations.

Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their Souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Misraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

JOHN MILTON.

MILTON, our greatest poet next to Shakspeare, was, like his great predecessors Chaucer and Spenser, born in London. His forefathers were landed proprietors at Milton, in Oxfordshire; but the poet's father was a London scrivener or solicitor carrying on a prosperous business in Bread Street, Cheapside, and taking also great delight in music. His son John was born in December 1608; was sent in course of time to St. Paul's School, where he was happy with his tutors; and in 1624 he went to Cambridge. Here his course was not so peaceful, and for some unexplained reason he was rusticated for a time. He returned and took his degrees in regular course, but in later years he does not seem to have looked back with feelings of love upon his University. He had intended to enter the Church, but scruples as to subscription prevented him, and

he thought it better to prefer a blameless silence before the office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing.

He left Cambridge in 1632, and came to live at Norton, the pleasant Buckinghamshire village to which his father had retired. Here he spent five years of studious seclusion and meditation, and some of his friends feared that he 'had given himself up to dream away his years in the arms of studious retirement like Endmyon with the moon on Latmus Hill.' To these friends he sent in answer a beautiful sonnet in which mingled with some feelings of sadness there is expressed the steady conviction that his time is not being wasted—

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth
 Stol'n on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
 My hasting dayes flie on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
 That I to manhood am arived so near,
 And inward ripenes doth much less appear,
 That som more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
 Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Towards which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

'Milton's life is a drama in three acts. The first discovers him in the calm and peaceful retirement of Norton, of which "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas" are the expression. In the second act he is breathing the foul and heated atmosphere of party passion and religious hate, generating the lurid fires which glare in the battailous canticles of his prose pamphlets. The three great poems "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes" are the utterance of his final period of solitary and Promethean grandeur, when, blind,

destitute, friendless, he testified of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, alone before a fallen world.'¹

To this early period belongs Milton's beautiful 'Mask of Comus,' which he wrote at the invitation of his friend Henry Lawes, at that time the most celebrated musical composer in England. The masque was performed in 1634 at Ludlow Castle, at an entertainment in honour of the Earl of Bridgwater, the Lord President of Wales, and the two sons and the daughter of the Earl were the chief performers, while Henry Lawes himself took the part of the attendant spirit.

The poem abounds in beautiful passages, of which one or two may be extracted. The wicked spirit Comus deludes the lady with a false report of having seen her brothers—

Two such I saw, what time the laboured Oxe
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinkt hedger at his Supper sate;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human as they stood:
I took it for a faery vision
Of som gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the Rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was aw-struck,
And as I past I worshipt.

A little later in the poem the elder brother stills the anxious fears of the younger with the expression of his calm confidence that their sister is safe—

¹ Mark Pattison.

Wisdom's self

Of seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all to ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' center, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

In the close of the poem the song of the attendant spirit compares in beauty with Ariel's song in the 'Tempest,' though it lacks the sweet simplicity of the original—

To the Ocean now I fly
And those happy climes that ly
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid ayr
All amidst the Gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.

The exact date of the composition of 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso' is not known; but they belong to this period. 'The two idyls breathe the free air of spring and summer, and of the fields round Horton. They are thoroughly naturalistic; the choicest expression our language has yet found of the fresh charm of country life, not as that life is lived by the peasant, but as it is felt by a young and lettered student, issuing at early dawn, or at sunset, into the fields from his chamber and his books.'¹ Both poems are very beautiful, but Milton probably reveals himself more truly in 'Il Penseroso.'

¹ Mark Pattison.

‘No mirth,’ says Johnson, ‘can, indeed, be found in his melancholy; but I am afraid that I always meet some melancholy in his mirth.’

What picture could be finer than that of Milton’s lonely midnight studies?

Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in som high lonely Towr,
Where I may out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unspear
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook.
Somtime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskind stage.

His picture of the nightingale and of the midnight moon is also very beautiful—

Sweet bird that shun’st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
The chauntress of the woods among
I woo to hear thy even song;
And missing thee I walk unseen
On the dry smooth shaven green,
To behold the wand’ring Moon
Riding neer her highest noon,
Like one that hath bin led astray
Through the Heaven’s wide pathles way,
And oft as if her head she bowed
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

The poem of ‘*Lycidas*’ belongs to 1637, and was occasioned by the drowning of Milton’s dear friend and college companion Edward King while he was crossing

the Irish Sea. Johnson found little beauty in 'Lycidas.' 'It is not to be considered as the effusion of real passion, for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions. Passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon Arethusa and Mincius, nor tells of rough satyrs and fauns with cloven feet. Where there is leisure for fiction there is little grief.' It is true that the poem is impaired rather than strengthened by its conventional symbolism, but it abounds in splendid lines, and Ruskin has shown in 'Sesame and Lilies' the wonderful concentration of force and meaning in the passage describing St. Peter 'the pilot of the Galilean lake.'

The poem closes with lines of great beauty and pathos—

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor;
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled Ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear night of him that walk'd the waves
Where other groves and other streams along
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the ~~best~~ kingdoms meek of joy and love.

Soon after writing 'Lycidas' Milton visited Italy, but the memorials of his visit to this land of beauty and song are scanty, and its influence upon his genius appears to have been slight. He met Galileo just liberated from imprisonment, and he received compliments from the literary men of Florence, and in August 1639 he was once more in England after an absence of fifteen months.

From this time till his death he lived in London, and

his various residences have been recorded. At first he lived in St. Bride's Churchyard in Fleet Street, then at a pretty garden house in Aldersgate, then in the Barbican, then in a house in Holborn opening upon Lincoln's Inn Fields, then in Petty France, Westminster, with access to St. James's Park ; and there he lived from 1652, to 1660. After the Restoration he returned again to Holborn and Aldersgate, and the last years of his life were spent in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields. We are told that he hastened home from Italy because of the political troubles that were rising in England, and Dr. Johnson makes merry over the fact that Milton, instead of saving the State, busied himself in teaching, first his two nephews and then other sons of gentlemen. To this part of Milton's life-experience we owe his ' Letter on Education,' addressed to the educational reformer Hartlib.

To this period, too, belongs Milton's first and unfortunate marriage, that with Mary Powell, a young lady so different from himself in age and taste and education. His young wife left him soon, and would not return, and he thereupon wrote his fierce pamphlets on divorce, addressing them to the Parliament. His wife's final submission and reconciliation seem to be described in ' Paradise Lost,' where the repentant Eve seeks comfort and forgiveness from Adam—

She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight
 Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
 Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
 Commiseration ; soon his heart relented
 Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,
 Creature so faire his reconcilment seeking

His counsel, whom she had displeased, his aide
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon.

Milton was thrice married, and he had a family of daughters; but his relations with them were not all pleasant, and the surly Johnson says: 'His family consisted of women; and there appears in his books something like a Turkish contempt of females as subordinate and inferior beings. He thought women made only for obedience, and man only for rebellion.'

Though Milton did not at once throw himself into the thick of the political strife, he did not keep silence long. In 1641 he wrote two pamphlets on 'Reformation in England and the causes that hitherto have hindered it.' In the same year he wrote a pamphlet on 'Prelatical Episcopacy, and whether it may be deduced from Apostolic Times,' and he followed this up with 'The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty,' and in these pamphlets he made fierce onslaughts upon the bishops, as in the following passage:

I cannot better liken the state and person of a King than to that mighty Nazarite Sampson; who being disciplin'd from his Birth in the Precepts and the Practice of Temperance and Sobriety, without the strong Drink of injurious and excessive Desires, grows up to a noble Strength and Perfection with those his illustrious and sunny Locks the Laws, waving and curling about his Godlike Shoulders. And while he keeps them about him undiminish'd and unshorn, he may with the Jawbone of an Ass, that is with the word of his meanest Officer, suppress and put to Confusion Thousands of those that rise against his just Power.

But laying down his Head among the strumpet flatteries of Prelates, while he sleeps and thinks no harm, they wickedly shaving off all those bright and weighty Tresses of his Laws, and just Prerogatives which were his Ornament and Strength, deliver him over to indirect and violent

Counsels, which as those Philistins put out the fair and far-sighted Eyes of his natural discerning, and make him grind in the Prison House of their sinister Ends and Practices upon him. Till he knowing this prelatical Razor to have bereft him of his wonted Might, not fish again his puissant Hair, the golden Beams of Law and Right; and they sternly shook, thunder with ruin upon the Heads of those his Evil Councillers, but not without great Affliction to himself.

In 1644 Milton addressed to Parliament his famous 'Areopagitica,' a speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing, from which a single passage may be extracted—

Lords and Commons of England! consider what nation it is wherof ye are, and wherof ye are the governours; a Nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discours, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to.

Behold now this vast City; a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with God's protection; the shop of warre hath not there more anvils and hammers waking to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleagured truth, then there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching Reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction.

In 1649, after the execution of Charles, Milton accepted the post of Latin secretary to the new Government, and he held the office till the Restoration. In addition to his Latin letters, he wrote during this period several Latin works in defence of the Government, but these now add but little to his fame. The two fine sonnets on 'The Lord General Cromwell' and on 'The Late Massacre in Piemont' are far nobler memorials of the time.

The great calamity of blindness which for years had been threatening Milton now fell upon him. About

1650 the sight of his left eye was gone, and two years later he was in total darkness. In several places in his later works he pathetically laments his loss—

Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of Even or Morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the chearful waies of men
Cut off, and for the Book of knowledg fair
Presented with a Universal blanc
Of Natures works to mee expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

The crowning glory of Milton's life, the 'Paradise Lost,' was commenced, it would seem, about 1658, but it was conceived much earlier. In 1641 Milton promises his readers some work, he as yet knows not what—

to be obtained not by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the life of whom he pleases.

For a time it was in his mind to take the story of King Arthur for a subject, and when he fixed upon the 'Fall of man' he at first purposed treating it in the form of a drama or mystery, and a rough sketch of this drama is still existing. At length the form was finally determined on, and the work proceeded smoothly, and was finished and published in 1667.

Milton has been greatly praised, both for his choice of a subject and for his treatment of it. Hallam says, 'The subject is the finest that has ever been chosen

for heroic poetry; it is also managed by Milton with remarkable skill,' and he maintains its superiority in these respects to Homer's 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' to Virgil's 'Æneid,' and to Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

On the other hand, we feel it to be a terrible disadvantage that so much of the poem deals with unrealities, lacking human interest or probability, and Carlyle speaks of 'the supernatural lumber of the concrete-abstract, evangelical-metaphysical gods of "Paradise Lost."' Goethe, still more severely, declares the subject of 'Paradise Lost' to be 'abominable, with a fair outside but rotten inwardly.'

Perhaps Milton's surest excellence is the unbroken majesty of his style. For this above all things Matthew Arnold praises him. 'In the sure and flawless perfection of his rhythm and diction he is as admirable as Virgil or Dante, and in this respect he is unique amongst us. No one else in English literature and art possesses the like distinction.'

So to the same effect speaks Hazlitt. 'Force of style is one of Milton's greatest excellences. Hence perhaps he stimulates us more in the reading and less afterwards. The way to defend Milton against all impugnors is to take down the book and read it. Milton always labours, and he almost always succeeds. He strives hard to say the finest things in the world, and he does say them. The two first books alone are like two massy pillars of solid gold.'

Among the many beauties of the first book are to be reckoned the expressive similes, such as that of Satan's glowing shield—

Massy, large and round
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
 Through Optic Glass the Tuscan Artist views
 At evening from the top of Fesole,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new Lands,
 Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.

So too that of the fallen angels lying prone on the
 flood—

His Legions Angel Forms, who lay entrans't
 Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
 In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
 High overarch't embower; or scatter'd sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce Winds Orion armed
 Hath vex't the Red Sea Coast, whose waves oerthrew
 Busiris and his Memphian Chivalrie,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued
 The Sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating Carcases
 And broken Chariot Wheels; so thick bestrown
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood
 Under amazement of their hideous change.

In the same book, too, is drawn the terrible but grand
 portrait of Satan—

His form had not yet lost
 All her Original brightness, nor appeared
 Less than Arch-angel ruined, and th' excess
 Of Glory obscur'd. As when the Sun new ris'n
 Looks through the Horizontal misty Air
 Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon
 In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the Nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes Monarchs. Darken'd so yet shon
 Above them all th' Arch-angel; but his face
 Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under Brows
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride
 Waiting revenge.

The third book is less interesting, for the scene changes to heaven, and, as Pope says, Milton makes 'God the Father turn a school divine'; but here also there are beautiful pictures, as when Satan makes himself an angel of light the better to work his wicked purposes—

And now a stripling Cherube he appeers
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd.
Under a Coronet his flowing haire
In curls on either cheek plaid; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume sprinkl'd with Gold,
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a Silver wand.

Well does Hazlitt say, 'The figure introduced here has all the elegance and precision of a Greek statue—glossy and unpurpled, tinged with golden light, and musical as the strings of Memnon's harp.'

In the fourth book is the beautiful description of Eden—

Not that faire field
Of Enna, where Proserpin gath'ring flours
Herself a fairer Floure by gloomie Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet Grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive.

And in the same book there is the fine picture of Adam and Eve—

His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad;
Shee as a veil down to the slender waste

Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the Vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yeilded, by him best received,
Yeilded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.

For this marvellous poem Milton received only two payments of 5*l.* each, and two editions were issued during his lifetime.

Johnson gives some interesting particulars of Milton's way of life during his latter years—

When he first rose he heard a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and then studied till twelve; then took some exercise for an hour; then dined; then played on the organ and sung, or heard another sing; then studied to six; then entertained his visitors till eight; then supped, and after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water went to bed. One of his visitors describes him as neatly enough dressed in black clothes, sitting in a room hung with rusty green; pale but not cadaverous, with chalk stones in his hands. He said that if it were not for the gout his blindness would be tolerable.

In the years that followed the writing of 'Paradise Lost' Milton was not idle, for he wrote 'Paradise Regained' and 'Samson Agonistes,' besides his 'History of Britain' and several other prose works of minor importance. He is said to have preferred 'Paradise Regained' to 'Paradise Lost,' though such a preference seems hardly possible. In the 'Samson' he seems to be portraying and lamenting his own blindness, and also the downfall of the Puritan cause.

In November 1674 he died in peace, and was buried near his father in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

ISAAC BARROW.

Among the names which are the glory of the Church of England, few are greater than that of Barrow. He was famous as a classical scholar, as a mathematician, as a controversialist, as a preacher, and in a proud and dissolute age he was a man of most pure and simple life.

He was born in London in 1630, and his father was linendraper to King Charles, but his uncle was bishop of St. Asaph's. He was a scholar at the Charterhouse, and was fond of fighting and of making the other boys fight. He was also careless in his dress, and this was characteristic of him to the end of his days. He made but little progress with his learning, and his father often wished that if it pleased God to take away any of his children it might be Isaac.

In 1645 he went to Cambridge and made excellent progress, but he was a staunch Royalist, while the ruling powers there were for the Parliament. One day the master of the college, laying his hand upon his head, said: 'Thou art a good lad, 'tis pity thou art a cavalier.' On another occasion the Fellows wished that he should be expelled, but the master silenced them, saying, 'Barrow is a better man than any of us.'

In 1649 he was chosen Fellow, and then turned his thoughts for a time to the study of physic, and made great progress in anatomy, botany, and chemistry. He also studied mathematics, in which he afterwards became so famous.

In 1654 he went on his travels, and visited Paris, Florence, Constantinople, and Smyrna. While in the

Mediterranean his ship was attacked by a pirate, 'and though he had never seen anything like a sea fight he stood to the gun appointed him with great courage, for he was not so much afraid of death as of slavery.'

When he returned to England he was ordained, and in the year of the Restoration he was chosen Greek Professor in Cambridge. Next year he was chosen for the Mathematical Lectureship at Gresham College, and a little later to the newly-founded Lucasian Lectureship at Cambridge. This latter post he resigned in 1669 to his famous pupil Isaac Newton.

In 1672 he was appointed Master of Trinity, and Charles II., in conferring the honour, said he had given it to the best scholar in England. He was already one of the king's chaplains, and Charles listened with attention to his sermons, and passed a most true judgment upon them, that 'Barrow was an unfair preacher, because he exhausted every topic and left no room for anything new to be said by anyone who came after him.'

His sermons were of great length: one of them, we are told, lasted for more than three hours; and on another occasion the vergers at Westminster Abbey caused the organs to play 'till they had blowed him down.' His sermons were written with great care, but only one of them was published during his lifetime. After his death Tillotson edited his works, and the sermons have always been regarded as models of manly eloquence. The great Earl of Chatham read them again and again, till he could repeat many of them by heart. The younger Pitt also studied and admired them.

In 1677, after preaching the Passion Sermon at

Guildhall Chapel, he fell sick, and, after a short illness, died in his lodgings at Charing Cross, and was buried in the Abbey.

In one of his sermons he attacks the vice of swearing, which was so universal in the witty and profligate court of Charles II.—

Another grand offence against piety is, rash and vain swearing in common discourse, an offence which now strangely reigns and rages in the world, passing about in a specious garb and under glorious titles, as a mark of fine breeding, and a point of high gallantry. Who, forsooth, now is the brave spark and complete gentleman, but he that hath the skill and confidence (O heavens! how mean a skill! how mad a confidence!) to lard every sentence with an oath or a curse; making bold at every turn to salute God, fetching him down from heaven to avouch any idle prattle, to second any giddy passion, to concern himself in any trivial affair of his; yea, calling the Almighty to damn and destroy him. If men would but a little consider things, surely this scurvy passion would soon be discarded—much fitter for the scum of the people than for the flower of the gentry; yea rather much below any man endued with a scrap of reason, not to say with a grain of religion. Could we bethink ourselves, certainly modest, sober, and pertinent discourse would appear far more generous and manly than such wild hectoring God Almighty, such rude insulting over the received laws, such ruffianly swaggering against sobriety and goodness. If gentlemen would regard the virtues of their ancestors (that gallant courage, that solid wisdom, that noble courtesy, which first advanced their families and severed them from the vulgar), this degenerate wantonness and dirtiness of speech would return to the dunghill, or rather (which God grant) would be quite banished from the world.

Barrow by no means wished to banish wit, but to purify it and direct it to right ends. In one of his sermons he gives an exhaustive definition of wit—

Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound; sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humourous expression; sometimes it lurketh under

an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection; sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute non-sense; sometimes a scenical representation of persons and things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it; sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness giveth it being; sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wrestling obvious matter to the purpose; often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless roving of fancy and windings of language.

And often, he tells us, witty reproofs are to be preferred to sober admonitions—

When sarcastical twitches are needful to pierce the thick skins of men, to correct their lethargick stupidity, to rouse them out of their drowzy negligence, then may they well be applied; when plain declarations will not enlighten people to discern the truth and weight of things, and blunt arguments will not penetrate to convince and persuade them to their duty, then doth reason freely resign its place to wit, allowing it to undertake its work of instruction and reproof.

Facetious discourse particularly may be commodious for reproving some vices and reclaiming some persons (as salt for cleansing and curing some sores). It commonly procureth a more easy access to the ears of men, and worketh a stronger impression on their hearts than other discourse could do. Many who will not stand a direct reproof, and cannot abide to be plainly admonished of their fault, will yet endure to be pleasantly rubbed, and will patiently bear a jocund wipe; though they abominate all language purely bitter or sour, yet they can relish discourse having in it a pleasant tartness; you must not chide them as their master, but you may gibe with them as their companion; if you do *that*, they will take you for pragmatical and haughty; *this* they may interpret friendship and freedom.

Besides his sermons, Barrow wrote a noble treatise, 'Of the Pope's Supremacy,' which has been described as 'enough to immortalise any man,' but we have no space to further describe it.

TWO HISTORIANS: CLARENDON, BURNET.

THE many perils through which England passed in the half-century ending with the Revolution are narrated by two writers who bore a chief part in the events which they record.

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, rose from the position of a simple country gentleman to be the trusted counsellor of Charles I. and Prince Charles, and at the Restoration he was created Lord Chancellor. Seven years later he retired in disgrace to France, and at Montpellier he completed his 'History of the Rebellion,' which he had begun many years before, and he also wrote a history of his own life. The language of both works is noble and stately, and he is celebrated for the skill and nice discernment with which he drew the characters of the men he came in contact with.

He was born at Dinton, in Wiltshire, in February 1609, a few months later than Milton, and the poet and historian died in the same year—1674. He was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, and went afterwards to the Temple under the patronage of his uncle, who was Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

Whilst He was only a Student of the Law and stood at Gaze, and irresolute what Course of Life to take, his chief Acquaintance were Ben Johnson, John Selden, Charles Cotton, John Vaughan, Sir Kenelm Digby, Thomas May, and Thomas Carew and some others of eminent Faculties in their several Ways. Ben Johnson's Name can never be forgotten, having by his very good Learning, and the Severity of his Nature and Manners, very much reformed the Stage; and, indeed, English Poetry itself. His natural Advantages were judgment to order and govern

Fancy, rather than Excess of Fancy, his Productions being slow and upon Deliberation, yet then abounding with great Wit and Fancy, and will live accordingly.

He was early brought in contact with Archbishop Laud, who liked him; and he gives an interesting account of a visit to Lambeth—

He found the Archbishop early walking in the Garden; who received him according to his Custom very graciously, and, continuing his Walk, asked him 'What good News in the Country?' to which He answered, 'there was none good; the People were universally discontented; and (which troubled him most) that many People spoke extreme ill of his Grace, as the Cause of all that was amiss.' He replied, 'that He was sorry for it; He knew He did not deserve it; and that He must not give over serving the King and the Church to please the People, who otherwise would not speak well of him.'

Clarendon describes the state of England before the outbreak of the war as one of peace and plenty—

The Kingdoms we now lament were alone looked upon as the Garden of the World; Scotland (which was but the Wilderness of that Garden) in a full, entire, and undisturbed Peace which they had never seen; the rage and barbarism of their Private Feuds being composed to the reverence or to the awe of publick Justice. Ireland, which had been a Spunge to draw, and a Gulph to swallow all that could be spar'd and all that could be got from England, reduced to that good degree of Husbandry and Government that it not only subsisted of itself and gave this Kingdom all that it might have expected from it; but really increas'd the Revenue of the Crown; Arts and Sciences fruitfully planted there; and the whole Nation beginning to be so civiliz'd that it was a Jewel of great Lustre in the Royal Diadem.

Soon this happy state of things was changed—

A small, scarce discernible cloud arose in the North, which was shortly after attended with such a Storm that never gave over raging till it had shaken, and even rooted up, the greatest and tallest Cedars of the three Nations; blasted all its Beauty and Fruitfulness; brought its Strength to Decay, and its Glory to Reproach, and almost to Desolation; by such a Career, and Deluge of Wickedness and Rebellion, as by not being enough foreseen, or, in Truth, suspected, could not be prevented.

Of the many portraits of leading men which abound in Clarendon's work we can give only one :

Mr. Hambden was a man of much greater Cunning and it may be, of the most discerning Spirit, and of the greatest Address and Insinuation to bring anything to pass which he desir'd, of any man of that time, and who laid the design deepest. He was not a man of many words, and rarely begun the discourse, or made the first entrance upon any business that was assum'd ; but a very weighty speaker, and after he had heard a full debate, and observ'd how the House was like to be inclin'd, took up the Argument, and shortly, and clearly, and craftily, so stated it that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion he desir'd.

No man had ever a greater power over himself, or was less the man that he seem'd to be ; which shortly after appear'd to everybody, when he car'd less to keep on the Masque.

Our last extract shall be Clarendon's account of the deterioration of manners and morals after the Rebellion :

All Relations were confounded by the several Sects in Religion, which discountenanced all Forms of Reverence and Respect, as Reliques and Marks of Superstition. Children asked not Blessing of their Parents ; nor did They concern themselves in the Education of their children, but were well content that They should take any course to maintain themselves, that They might be free from that Expense. The young Women conversed without any Circumspection or Modesty, and frequently met at Taverns and Common Eating-houses ; and They who were stricter and more severe in their Comportment, became the Wives of the seditious Preachers or of officers of the Army. The Daughters of noble and illustrious Families bestowed themselves upon the Divines of the time, or other low and unequal Matches. Parents had no Manner of Authority over their Children, nor Children any Obedience or Submission to their Parents ; but every one did that which was good in his own Eyes.

Gilbert Burnet was a writer of far less genius than Clarendon, but his 'History of His Own Time' is written in a lively, picturesque style, and his other great work, the 'History of the Reformation,' displays great erudition and sound judgment.

He was born in Edinburgh in 1643, and his father

was a worthy Scotch lawyer who refused to take the oath of the Covenant, and who after the Restoration was created a Lord of Session. Gilbert was educated at Aberdeen, and in 1663 he visited the English universities, and became acquainted with Cudworth, Pearson, Fell, and other great scholars of the time. After travelling through Holland and France he was made Professor of Divinity at Glasgow, and with the saintly Archbishop Leighton he endeavoured, on the basis of mutual concession, to bring all the Scottish clergy within the Episcopal Church.

He was appointed one of King Charles's chaplains, and did not shrink from speaking plainly to him when the occasion needed it. In 1680 he addressed a letter to the king, in which the following passage occurs :

All the Distrust Your People have of You, all the Necessities You now are under, all the Indignation of Heaven that is upon You and appears in the defeating of all Your Councils, flow from this. That You have not feared nor served God, but have given Yourself up to so many sinful Pleasures.

Such plain speaking was unpalatable to the King, and in 1684 Burnet was abruptly dismissed from his Lectureship of the Rolls' Chapel, and he set forth on his travels once more. He visited France and Italy, and then he settled at the Hague, where William and Mary made him welcome, and his advice was of the greatest use to them in the critical times that were coming on.

After the Revolution he was made Bishop of Salisbury, and was most exemplary in the discharge of his duties. He set himself steadily against pluralities in the Church, and, chiefly through his exertions, the Queen Anne's Bounty was founded for augmenting the

revenues of poor livings. He died, after a short illness, in 1715.

We have room but for one extract from his 'History of His Own Time.' The landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay is thus described :

The wind turned into the South ; and a soft and happy gale of wind carried in the whole Fleet in four hours' time into Torbay. Immediately as many landed as conveniently could. As soon as the Prince and Marshal Schomberg got to shore, they were furnished with such horses as the village of Broxholme could afford ; and rode up to view the grounds, which they found as convenient as could be imagined for the foot in that season. It was not a cold night ; otherwise the soldiers who had been kept warm aboard might have suffered much by it. As soon as I landed, I made what haste I could to the place where the Prince was ; who took me heartily by the hand, and asked me if I would not now believe predestination. I told him I would never forget that providence of God, which had appeared so signally on this occasion. He was cheerfuller than ordinary. Yet he returned soon to his usual gravity. The Prince sent for all the fishermen of the place ; and asked them which was the properest place for landing his horse, which all apprehended would be a tedious business, and might hold some days. But next morning he was shewed a place, a quarter of a mile below the village, where the ships could be brought very near the land, against a good shore, and the horses would not be put to swim above twenty yards. This proved to be so happy for our landing, tho' we came to it by meer accident, that, if we had ordered the whole Island round to be sounded, we could not have found a properer place for it. There was a dead calm all that morning ; and in three hours' time all our horses were landed, with as much baggage as was necessary till we got to Exeter. The artillery and heavy baggage were left aboard, and ordered to Topsham, the seaport to Exeter. All that belonged to us so soon and so happily landed, that by the next day at noon we were in full march, and marched four miles that night.

IZAACK WALTON.

THE author of that delightful book 'The Compleat Angler' was born in Staffordshire in 1593. Not many

details of his life are known, but he settled in London as a shopkeeper, and had at first one of the tiny shops, seven-and-a-half feet by five feet, in the upper story of Gresham's Royal Exchange in Cornhill. Then in 1624 he had a linendraper's shop in Fleet Street, opposite the Temple, and in 1632 he bought a house and shop in Chancery Lane.

When the war broke out he retired from business to some lands which he had bought in his native county, but we are told 'he spent most of his time in the families of eminent clergymen, by whom he was much beloved.' He was twice married; his first wife was a great grand-niece of Archbishop Cranmer, and his second the sister of Ken, who was afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells. One of his daughters married Dr. Hawkins, a prebendary of Winchester; and in his house he died in 1683, thus continuing to the last in the closest intimacy with the clergy whom he loved so well.

The five charming little biographies which he wrote are all, with one exception (that of Sir Henry Wotton), the lives of English clergymen. Extracts from two of these (Hooker and Herbert) have been already given, and one may now be given from the last life, that of Dr. Sanderson, who, at the great age of seventy-four, was made Bishop of Lincoln when King Charles was restored.

The period of the Commonwealth was a time of distress to Sanderson in his country parish in Lincolnshire, where the Independent soldiers would visit him and tear his Book of Common Prayer to force him to pray extempore. Walton tells of a meeting with him in

London about 1655, when the two friends condoled with each other—

I met him accidentally in London, in sad coloured clothes, and, God knows, far from being costly. The place of our meeting was near to Little Britain, where he had been to buy a book, which he then had in his hand. We had no inclination to part presently, and therefore turned to stand in a corner under a penthouse, (for it began to rain,) and immediately the wind arose, and the rain increased so much that both became so inconvenient as to force us into a cleanly house, where we had bread, cheese, ale, and a fire for our money. This rain and wind were so obliging to me, as to force our stay there for at least an hour, to my great content and advantage; for in that time he made to me many useful observations, with much clearness and conscientious freedom.

He did most highly commend the Common Prayer of the Church, saying 'the Collects were the most passionate, proper, and most elegant expressions that any language ever afforded; and that there was in them such piety, and so interwoven with instructions, that they taught us to know the power, the wisdom, the majesty, and mercy of God, and much of our duty both to Him and our neighbour.'

The first edition of 'The Compleat Angler' was published in 1653, and succeeding editions in 1656, 1661, 1664, 1668, and 1678, and it grew in length from thirteen chapters to twenty-one. The greater part of the work is in the form of a dialogue between Piscator (Walton himself) and Viator, and the scene is the valley of the Lea, which the author must often have frequented in his London shop-keeping days. The opening forms a pleasant picture—

Piscator. You are wel overtaken, Sir; a good morning to you; I have stretch'd my legs up Totnam Hil to overtake you, hoping your businesse may occasion you towards Ware, this fine pleasant fresh May day in the Morning.

Viator. Sir, I shall almost answer your hopes; for my purpose is to be at Hodsden (three miles short of that Town) I wil not say, before I drink; but before I break my fast; for I have appointed a friend or two to meet me there at the *thatcht house* about nine of the clock this morning; and that made me so early up, and indeed, to walk so fast.

Piscator. Sir, I know the *thatcht house* very well, I often make it my resting-place and taste a cup of Ale there, for which liquor that place is very remarkable; and to that house I shall by your favour accompany you, and either abate of my pace or mend it, to enjoy such a companion as you seem to be, knowing that (as the Italians say) *Good company makes the way seem shorter.*

On their way they speak of otters, whom, says Piscator,

I hate perfectly because they love fish so well, or rather because they destroy so much; indeed, so much, that in my judgment all men that keep Otter dogs ought to have a Pension from the Commonwealth to encourage them to destroy the very breed of those base Otters, they do so much mischief.

In the second chapter an otter-hunt is described with much spirit, and next Piscator catches a fine chub—

Look you Sir, there he is, that very Chub that I shewed you, with the white spot on his tail; and I'll be as certain to make him a good dish of meat as I was to catch him. I'll now lead you to an honest Alehouse, where we shall find a cleanly room, Lavender in the windowes, and twenty Ballads stuck about the wall; there my Hostis (which I may tel you, is both cleanly and conveniently handsome) has drest many a one for me, and shall now dress it after my fashion, and I warrant it good meat.

On their way to the alehouse they see a handsome milkmaid and her mother, and the two sing Marlowe's song 'Come live with me and be my love,' and Raleigh's answer to it, 'If all the world and love were young.' At the alehouse they meet two other brothers of the angle, Peter and his friend Corydon, and a most pleasant day is ended with feasting and songs.

JOHN BUNYAN.

THE name of the Bunyans as peasant freeholders is scattered over the records of Bedfordshire from the close of the twelfth century. The one famous man whom the family produced was born in 1628 at Elstow, near Bedford, where his father was a brazier or tinker. He was put to school, and learned to read and write, 'though to my shame I confess I did soon lose that I had learned, even almost utterly.'

When he was sixteen his mother died, and he enlisted as a soldier in the Civil Wars; but whether on the king's side or that of the Parliament is quite uncertain, and he does not appear to have been in battle—

When I was a Soldier, I, with others, were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the Company desired to go in my room; to which, when I had consented, he took my place; and coming to the Siege, as he stood Sentinel, he was shot in the head with a Musket bullet and died. Presently after this I changed my condition into a married state, and my mercy was to light upon a wife whose father was counted Godly. This woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be (not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon betwixt us both), yet she had for her part 'The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven,' and 'The Practice of Piety,' which her father had left her when he died. In these two books I would sometimes read with her, wherein I also found some things that were somewhat pleasing to me.

The reading of these books, acting upon Bunyan's own honest nature, caused him to be a great frequenter of the church, where he sang and recited the service with the foremost—

Withal I was so overrun with the spirit of Superstition that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things (both the High place,

Priest, Clerk, Vestments, Service, and what else) belonging to the Church; counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the Priest and Clerk most happy, and, without doubt, greatly blessed, because they were the Servants, as I then thought, of God, and were principal in the holy Temple to do his work therein.

Bunyan speaks of his leading a wicked life at this time, but the only wrongdoings that come clearly to light are swearing and taking part in the Sunday sports on the green. But a great change came over him; his present life seemed to him to be unspeakably wicked, and only after a struggle of intense agony, and lasting we know not how long, did his troubled soul at last find rest. The despair and hope and joy which in turn possessed him are described in his 'Grace Abounding,' and still more vividly in his 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

In 1653 he joined a Nonconformist congregation in Bedford, under the ministry of the 'holy Mr. Gifford,' who had been a dissolute officer in the Royalist army. Bunyan was soon chosen as deacon, and in 1657 he was appointed preacher, and he preached with great success 'in woods, in barns, on village greens, or in town chapels.'

In 1658 he published two small works, 'Some Gospel Truths Opened,' and 'Sighs from Hell, or the Groans of a Damned Soul,' which carried to a wider audience his soul-stirring sermons.

With the Restoration the Episcopal Church was again established, and Nonconformist meetings were forbidden, and in November 1660 Bunyan was arrested. A full account of the arrest and the proceedings which followed is given by Bunyan, and we see clearly that the authorities were most reluctant to deal hardly with him, and

he would have been set at liberty if he would promise not to preach. But that Bunyan could not and would not do.

In January 1661 he was brought for trial at quarter sessions before several justices. Bunyan gives a graphic account of the proceedings, and we see that the justices treated him in a kindly, bantering manner. Bunyan quoted the text: 'As every man hath received the gift, so let him minister the same unto another.' Then Justice Keeling spoke—

He said, 'Let me a little open that Scripture to you. As every man hath received the gift, that is as every man hath received a trade, so let him follow it. If any man hath received a gift of tinkering, as thou hast done, let him follow his tinkering. And so other men to their trades.'

The same learned justice is said to have made the astonishing statement:

We know the common prayer book hath been ever since the apostles' time, and it is lawful for it to be used in the church.

In the end their sentence was:

You must be had back again to prison, and there lie for three months following; and at three months' end, if you do not submit to go to church to hear divine service and leave your preaching you must be banished the realm; and if after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone you shall be found in this realm, or be found to come over again without special licence from the King, you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly

When the three months were coming to an end the clerk of the peace was sent to Bunyan to try to bend him from his stubbornness. Their conversation reads like one of the dialogues from the 'Pilgrim's Progress'—

When he was come into the house he sent for me out of my chamber, who, when I was come unto him, said: 'Neighbour Bunyan, how do you do?' 'I thank you, Sir,' said I, 'very well, blessed be the Lord.'

After some conversation the clerk told him :

You may have your liberty to exhort your neighbour in private discourse, so be you do not call together an assembly of people; and truly you may do much good to the Church of Christ if you would go this way, and this you may do and the law not abridge you. It is your private meetings that the law is against.

Sir, said I, if I may do good to one by my discourse, why may I not do good to two? And if to two, why not to four, and so to eight, etc. Ay, said he, and to a hundred I warrant you. Yes, sir, said I, I think I should not be forbid to do as much good as I can.

Seeing that Bunyan was so unmanageable, the authorities seem to have thought it best to let him stay in prison lest a worse thing, either banishment or death, should befall him. He therefore remained in jail till 1672; but his confinement seems not to have been grievous. For at least a good part of the time he was allowed freely to come and go, and he once went as far as to London. He was allowed to preach within the prison, and did so to as many as sixty at a time.

While in prison he wrote and published several little volumes, of which the most interesting is his spiritual biography, the 'Grace Abounding,' which appeared in 1666. It is generally thought, too, that it was in this time of quiet and retirement that he wrote the first part of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' But this work did not appear till 1678, and it would appear that Bunyan was again in prison for six months in 1675, and this may be the time which he alludes to in the opening of his famous book:

As I walk'd through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a Denn; and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept I dreamed a Dream.

When Bunyan was pardoned and released, in 1672, he was also licensed as a preacher, and became the minister of a congregation at Bedford; meeting in a barn in an orchard. He exercised a supervision over the congregations for a wide circuit around, and he was often called Bishop Bunyan. His fame as a preacher was very great, and in London he gathered immense congregations, and had to be lifted over the heads of the people up the pulpit stairs. He wrote and published many works—nearly sixty in all. Besides those already mentioned the chief were, 'The Life and Death of Mr. Badman' in 1680, the 'Holy War' in 1682, and the second part of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' in 1684.

He died in 1688, a few months before William of Orange landed.

'The Holy War,' a kind of vigorous 'Paradise Lost and Regained' in prose, is a fine work, but far below the 'Pilgrim's Progress' in excellence. The latter is so familiar to everyone that extracts seem needless, but two short ones may be given. In a little poem prefixed to the work Bunyan explains the occasion and scope of the work—

I writing of the Way
And Race of Saints, on this our Gospel-Day,
Fell suddenly into an Allegory
About their Journey, and the way to Glory,
In more than twenty things which I set down.
This done, I twenty more had in my Crown,
And they again began to multiply,
Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.

In the House of the Interpreter, Christian sees a man rising from bed trembling because of a dream which he has had, and the trembler tells him his dream—

- This night as I was in my sleep, I Dreamed, and behold the Heavens grew exceeding black; also it thundered and lightened in most fearful wise that it put me into an Agony. So I looked up in my Dream and saw the Clouds rack at an unusual rate; upon which I heard a great sound of a Trumpet, and saw also a Man sit upon a Cloud, attended with the thousands of Heaven; they were all in flaming fire, also the Heavens was on a burning flame. I heard then a voice, saying, *Arise ye Dead and Come to Judgement*; and with that the Rocks rent, the Graves opened, and the Dead that were therein came forth; some of them were exceeding glad, and looked upward; and some thought to hide themselves under the Mountains. I also thought to hide myself but I could not; for the Man that sat upon the Cloud still kept his eye upon me: my sins also came into mind and my Conscience did accuse me on every side

JOHN DRYDEN.

WITH Dryden a new age both of poetry and prose begins. With Milton the line of poets of mighty imagination and exquisite fancy ceased, and Clarendon and Barrow were the last of the masters of the stately and majestic old English prose. A sprightlier, wittier style now came in, owing much to the light and sparkling literature of France, as our older literature was indebted to the noble and stately literature of Italy.

Matthew Arnold describes this age as the age not of imagination but of prose and reason, and he calls Dryden its glorious founder, and Pope its splendid high priest. Of the two poets Dryden was the greater even in the excellence of separate works, and he greatly excelled Pope in the range and variety of his intellectual powers.

He is one of the best of literary critics, and his judgments of Shakspeare and Milton are just and generous. He equalled or excelled all others as a reasoner in verse, and no other satirist has drawn so powerful a picture as that of 'Absalom and Achitophel.'

Dryden was born in 1631, in the vicarage of Aldwinkle on the Nen, in Northamptonshire, where his mother's father was vicar. His own father possessed a tiny estate on the opposite side of the county, and the poet inherited and retained a modest income of 60*l.* a year. He was sent to Westminster School, where Dr. Busby then reigned, and afterwards to Cambridge. Like Milton, he was for some offence expelled for a time, and in after years he did not love Cambridge. He has addressed many prologues to the University of Oxford, and in one of them occur the lines :

Oxford to him a dearer Name shall be
Than his own Mother University.
Thebes did his green unknowing Youth engage;
He chuses Athens in his riper age.

One of Dryden's earliest poems is a gallant epistle, in which verse and prose are mingled, addressed to his first love, his cousin Honor, daughter of Sir John Driden. Nothing came of this love affair, but the lady lived unmarried, and treasured the letter to the end of her days.

About 1657 Dryden came to live in London, and at the end of the next year he wrote his first considerable poem, 'Heroic Stanzas to the Memory of His Highness, Oliver, late Lord Protector.' There are in all thirty-seven stanzas, and some of them are very fine—

His grandeur he derived from heaven alone ;
 For he was great, ere fortune made him so ;
 And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
 Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

No borrowed bays his temples did adorn,
 But to our Crown he did fresh jewels bring ;
 Nor was his virtue poisoned soon as born
 With the too early thoughts of being king.

Swift and resistless through the land he past
 Like that bold Greek, who did the East subdue ;
 And made to battles such heroic haste,
 As if on wings of victory he flew.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine,
 When to pale mariners they storms portend ;
 He had his calmer influence, and his mien
 Did love and majesty together blend.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest ;
 His name a great example stands to show,
 How strangely high endeavours may be blest
 Where piety and valour joint'ly go.

A truer and worthier eulogy of Cromwell has perhaps never been written, and we are a little shocked and disappointed to find that two years later Dryden was ready with his poem to welcome Charles II. home. He entitles it 'Astraea Redux,' and takes as a motto a famous line of Virgil, which he translates—

The last great age, foretold by sacred rhimes,
 Renews its finished course ; Saturnian times
 Roll round again.

The poem contains over three hundred lines, and a few of the finest may be quoted. The poet describes the misery caused by the king's absence—

For his long absence church and state did groan,
 Madness the pulpit, faction seized the throne ;

Experienced age in deep despair was lost,
 To see the rebel thrive, the loyal crost :
 Youth, that with joys had unacquainted been,
 Envied gray hairs, that once good days had seen.
 The rabble now such freedom did enjoy
 As winds at sea, that use it to destroy :
 Blind as the Cyclops, and as wild as he,
 They owned a lawless savage liberty,
 Like that our painted ancestors so prized,
 Ere empires' arts their breasts had civilized.

He then joyfully celebrates the king's return—

And welcome now, great monarch, to your own !
 Behold the approaching cliffs of Albion.
 It is no longer motion cheats your view ;
 As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
 Methinks I see those crowds on Dover's strand
 Who in their haste to welcome you to land,
 Choked up the beach with their still growing store,
 And made a wilder torrent on the shore.
 And now Time's whiter series is begun,
 Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run ;
 Those clouds, that overcast your morn, shall fly,
 Dispelled to farthest corners of the sky.

Dryden's next great poem was the '*Annus Mirabilis*,' which was published in 1667, and which described the war with the Dutch, and the Fire of London, the two great events of the preceding year. The poem consists of three hundred and four stanzas, and many of them are exceedingly fine, while others are marred by forced conceits and ludicrous images. The pause for the night after the first day of the four days' battle is thus described :

The night comes on, we eager to pursue
 The combat still, and they ashamed to leave ;
 Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
 And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

In the English fleet each ship resounds with joy,
 And loud applause of their great leader's fame;
 In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
 And, slumbering, smile at the imagined flame.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tired and done,
 Stretched on their decks, like weary oxen, lie;
 Faint sweats all down their mighty members run,
 Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread;
 Or, shipwrecked, labour to some distant shore;
 Or, in dark churches walk among the dead;
 They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more.

The exhaustion of both fleets after the fight is over
 is thus described :

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
 A course till tired before the dog she lay;
 Who stretched behind her, pants upon the plain,
 Past power to kill, as she to get away.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey;
 His warm breath blows her flax up as she lies;
 She trembling creeps upon the ground away,
 And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

In the description of the Fire of London he imagines
 the regicides, whose heads were exposed on London
 Bridge, to rejoice—

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend,
 With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice;
 About the fire into a dance they bend,
 And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.

He then prophesies that a nobler London will arise
 from the flames—

Methinks already from this chemic flame,
 I see a city of more precious mould;
 Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
 With silver paved, and all divine with gold.

Before, she like some shepherdess did show,
 Who sat to bathe her by a river's side;
 Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
 Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

Now like a maiden queen, she will behold,
 From her high turrets, hourly suitors come;
 The East with incense, and the West with gold,
 Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.

Some few years earlier Dryden had married Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and sister of Sir Robert Howard, who was a man of letters as well as a nobleman. The marriage brought Dryden some improvement of fortune, but not, it is to be feared, much domestic happiness. He had also begun to write plays, and during his life he produced nearly thirty, but not one masterpiece.

During the Civil War the playhouses of London were closed and the players were dispersed, but at the Restoration the remnants of them drew together, and two companies were formed, the King's and the Duke's, so named in honour of Charles and his brother James. At the head of the latter was Sir William Davenant, who was also Poet Laureate, and who wrote a rhyming play, 'The Siege of Rhodes,' in the heroic bombastic style of the French theatre, and this play became very popular, and set the fashion for rhyming heroic plays.

Dryden's first play was 'The Wild Gallant,' which was brought out in 1663, and was a failure, though it pleased Lady Castlemaine, the king's reigning favourite. During the same year he brought out 'The Rival Ladies,' which was a success; and the next year he assisted his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard, in bringing out 'The

Indian Queen,' which proved a very great success. In 1665 Dryden himself wrote 'The Indian Emperor,' as a continuation of 'The Indian Queen,' and this play also succeeded well.

About the same time he wrote an elaborate essay on 'Dramatic Poesy,' in which the chief question discussed is as to the comparative merits of rhyme and blank verse in tragedies; but the essay also contains some interesting sketches of dramatists.

Of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson Dryden says:

Shakespeare was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid, his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say, he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

As for Jonson, I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; but he has done his robberies so openly that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him.

If I would compare him with Shakespeare I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater genius. Shakespeare

was the Homer or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing: I admire him, but I love Shakespeare.

In 1667 Dryden wrote 'The Maiden Queen,' and Nell Gwyn acted a part in it with great applause. The king and his brother were present on the first night, and Pepys tells us 'the play was mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit'; and as to Nell Gwyn's acting he says, 'I never can hope to see the like done again by man or woman.'

In the same year appeared as a joint work of Dryden and Davenant 'The Tempest,' which is Shakspeare's play monstrously altered and spoiled, and we can only hope the work was mostly Davenant's. In the prologue Dryden says:

But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

Other plays followed, and Dryden entered into a contract to write three plays a year for the king's theatre, and he received a share of the profits, which for some years to come brought him in from 300*l.* to 400*l.* a year. Among the plays written about this time were 'The Royal Martyr' and 'The Conquest of Granada,' both filled with swelling and bombastic speeches; but they suited the popular taste, and were great favourites. In the former play the tyrant Maximin thus rages against the gods:

What had the Gods to do with me or mine?
Did I molest your heaven?
Why should you then make Maximin your foe,
Who paid you tribute, which he need not do?
Your altars I with smoke of gums did crown
For which you leaned your hungry nostrils down,

All daily gaping for my incense there,
More than your sun could draw you in a year.
And you for this these plagues on me have sent!
But by the Gods, (by Maximin I meant,) •
Henceforth I and my world,
Hostility with you and yours declare.
Look to it, Gods; for you the aggressors are.
Keep you your rain and sunshine in your skies,
And I'll keep back my flame and sacrifice.
Your trade of heaven shall soon be at a stand,
And all your goods lie dead upon your hand.

And with his last breath the tyrant exclaims :

And shoving back this earth on which I sit,
I'll mount and scatter all the Gods I hit.

In 1670, on the death of Davenant, Dryden was created Poet Laureate, and at the same time he was appointed to the office of Historiographer Royal. In the next year the witty Duke of Buckingham, with the assistance of the poet Butler and others, wrote the famous play of 'The Rehearsal,' in which, in the character of Bayes, Dryden is mercilessly caricatured, and the swelling passages of his heroic dramas are parodied very cleverly. The play had immense success, and the nickname of Mr. Bayes clung to Dryden ever afterwards.

Some few years later he wrote a play called 'The State of Innocence,' which was an adaptation of 'Paradise Lost.' We are told that he called on Milton to ask his permission, and that the blind poet 'received him civilly, and told him he would give him leave to tag his verses,' that is, to add to them the ornament of rhyme. Dryden had a sincere respect for Milton, and speaks of 'Paradise Lost' as 'undoubtedly one of the greatest, most noble, and sublime poems which either this age

or nation has produced.' He is also reported to have said, speaking of Milton, 'This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too.'

In 1681 Dryden composed the most brilliant of all his works, his 'Absalom and Achitophel,' and its attendant political satires. 'It is said to have been undertaken at the command of Charles; and, if so, no king was ever better obeyed.'¹

The time was one of intense excitement. Titus Oates and his fellow-perjurers had roused the country with the fear of a popish plot, and the Whig party, with Shaftesbury at its head, was straining every nerve to get the king's brother excluded from the succession to the throne. The gallant young Duke of Monmouth, the illegitimate son of Charles, was in disgrace, and was banished from court, and was lending his ear to the crafty counsels of Shaftesbury.

These conflicting persons and interests are sketched by Dryden with a master's hand. Monmouth is Absalom, noble, but wayward and misguided; Charles is King David sorrowing for his son; Shaftesbury is Achitophel, the giver of crafty and evil counsel. London is Jerusalem; and the citizens, who were for the most part on Shaftesbury's side, are the Jebusites. The picture of Monmouth is sketched with tender care—

Of all the numerous Progeny was none
So Beautiful, so Brave, as Absalom.
Early in foreign Fields he won Renown
With Kings and States, ally'd to Israel's Crown;
In Peace the thoughts of War he could remove,
And seem'd as he were only born for Love.

¹ Scott.

Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease,
 In him alone 'twas natural to please;
 His motions all accompany'd with grace,
 And Paradise was opened in his face.
 With secret Joy indulgent David view'd
 His Youthful Image in his Son renew'd;
 To all his wishes nothing he denied,
 And made the charming Annabel his bride.

And near the close of the poem a hope is expressed that the misguided youth may return—

But oh! that yet he would repent and live!
 How easie 'tis for Parents to forgive!
 With how few Tears a Pardon might be won
 From Nature pleading for a Darling Son.

The restless Shaftesbury, who had been in favour and out of favour with Charles I., and Cromwell, and Charles II., is severely dealt with in the poem—

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
 A Name to all succeeding Ages curst:
 For close Designs, and crooked Counsels fit;
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of Wit;
 Restless, unfixed in Principles and Place;
 In Pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of Disgrace,
 A fiery Soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the Pigmy body to decay
 And o're inform'd the tenement of clay;
 A daring Pilot in extremity;
 Pleased with the Danger, when the Waves went high,
 He sought the Storms; but, for a Calm unfit,
 Would steer too near the Sands, to boast his Wit.
 Great Wits are sure to Madness near ally'd,
 And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide;
 Else, why should he, with Wealth and Honour blest,
 Refuse his Age the needful hours of Rest?
 Punish a Body which he cou'd not please;
 Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of ease.

The witty Duke of Buckingham, who had ridiculed Dryden in the 'Rehearsal,' now received his punishment—

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
 A man so various that he seemed to be
 Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome ;
 Stiff ~~in~~ Opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was everything by starts, and Nothing long ;
 But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
 Was Chymist, Fidler, Statesman, and Buffoon,
 Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking,
 Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
 Blest Madman, who cou'd every hour employ,
 With something New to wish or to enjoy !
 Railing and praising were his usual Themes ;
 And both to show his Judgment in Extremes,
 So over Violent, or over Civil,
 That every man with him was God or Devil.
 In squandering Wealth was his peculiar Art ;
 Nothing went unrewarded but Desert.
 Beggared by Fools, whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his Estate.

The second part of 'Absalom and Achitophel' was published next year, but it was in great part the work of Nahum Tate, who is now chiefly remembered by his metrical version of the Psalms. In Dryden's portion there is a most fierce and scurrilous attack on Settle and Shadwell, the two poets of the party, whom he describes under the names of Doeg and Og—

Two fools that crutch their feeble sense ~~on~~ verse
 Who by my muse to all succeeding times
 Shall live, in spite of their own doggerl rhimes.
 Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
 Made still a blundering kind of melody ;
 Spurred boldly on, and dashed through thick and thin,
 Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in ;
 Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
 And in one word, heroically mad.
 Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
 For here's a tun of midnight work to come,
 Og from a treason tavern rolling home.

Round as a globe, and liquored every chink,
 Goodly and great he sails behind his link.
 With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
 For every inch that is not fool is rogue :
 When wine has given him courage to blaspheme
 He curses God, but God before curst him

Between the issues of the first and second parts of the 'Absalom and Achitophel' Dryden wrote the 'Medal,' which was a further fierce attack on Shaftesbury. That nobleman had been committed to the Tower on a charge of treason in July 1681, and in November the grand jury of Middlesex sitting at the Old Bailey ignored the bill of indictment against him. The joy of the citizens was great, and a medal with the earl on one side and London with its river and bridge and tower on the other, was struck to commemorate the victory. This gave the occasion for Dryden's poem, in which he describes the shameless facility with which Shaftesbury had again and again changed sides—

A Martial Heroe first, with early care,
 Blown, like a Pigmy by the Winds to war ;
 A beardless Chief, a Rebel e'er a Man ;
 So young his hatred to his Prince began.
 Next this, how wildly will Ambition steer !
 A Vermin wiggling in the Usurper's Ear ;
 Bart'ring his venal wit for sums of Gold,
 He cast himself into the Saint-like mould ;
 Groaned, sighed, and prayed, while Godliness was gain,
 The lowest Bagpipe of the Squeaking Train.

At about the same time with 'Absalom and Achitophel' and the 'Medal,' Dryden wrote and published 'Mac Flecknoe,' a further bitter satire upon the poet Shadwell, and this poem served as a model for Pope's still more famous 'Dunciad.'

In this same eventful year of 1682 Dryden wrote his 'Religio Laici,' which Scott considered to be 'one of the most admirable poems in the language.' It is addressed to a young friend who had translated Father Simon's celebrated 'Critical History of the Old Testament,' and it is a defence of the Church of England in its position midway between the scepticism of the Free-thinkers and the superstition of the Romanists. The opening lines are beautiful—

Dim as the borrow'd beams of Moon and Stars
To lonely, weary, wand'ring Travellers,
Is Reason to the Soul : and as, on high,
Those rowling Fires discover but the Sky,
Not light us here ; so Reason's glimmering Ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better Day.
And as those nightly Tapers disappear,
When Day's bright Lord ascends our Hemisphere ;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,
So dyes and so dissolves in Supernatural Light.

Farther in the poems there are some noble lines in praise of the Bible—

Whence but from Heav'n could men unskilled in Arts,
In several Ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing Truths ? Or how, why
Should all conspire to cheat us with a Lye ?
Unasked their Pains, ungrateful their Advice,
Starving their Gain, and Martyrdom their Price.
Then for the Style, Majestic and Divine,
It speaks no less than God in every Line ;
Commanding words whose Force is still the same
As the first Fiat that produced our Frame.

Within a year of King James's accession Dryden had become a convert to Romanism. Evelyn writes in his

diary on January 19, 1686: 'Dryden, the famous playwright, and his two sons and Mrs. Nelly (Miss to the late King) were said to go to Mass; such proselytes were no great loss to the Church.' In the next year Dryden wrote a long and elaborate poem, 'The Hind and the Panther,' in defence of his adopted religion. 'Under the name of a milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged, he described the unity, simplicity, and innocence of the Church to which he had become a convert; and under that of a panther, fierce and inexorable towards those of a different persuasion, he bodied forth the Church of England, obstinate in defending its pale from encroachment by the penal statutes and the test acts.'¹

The language of the poem is beautiful as in Dryden's other poems, but we have space only for a few opening lines:

A Milk-white Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the Lawns, and in the Forest rang'd;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no Sin,
Yet had she oft been chas'd with Horns and Hounds
And Scythian shafts; and many wing'd wounds
Aimed at her Heart; was often forc'd to fly
And doom'd to Death, though fated not to die.
Panting and Pensive now she rang'd alone,
And wand'ring in the Kingdoms once Her own.
The common Hunt, though from their rage restrain'd
By Sov'reign Pow'r, her Company disdain'd,
Grinned as they pass'd, and with a glaring Eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret Enmity.
'Tis true, she bounded by, and trip'd so light
They had not time to take a steady Sight;
For truth has such a face and such a meen,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

The sincerity of Dryden's conversion has been doubted, but at least he has the credit of remaining firmly attached to his adopted faith, and at the Revolution he lost his posts and pensions, and was obliged to depend more than ever upon the labours of his pen. During the twelve years of life that remained to him much excellent work was done, especially his translations of Virgil and his adaptations of Chaucer. In his preface to the latter work he has some interesting remarks on Chaucer—

In the first place as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil. He is a perpetual fountain of good sense; learned in all sciences, and therefore speaks properly on all subjects. As he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off; a continence which is practised by few writers and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace.

The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but it is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends: it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata*. They who lived with him and some time after him thought it musical; and it continues so, even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lidgate and Gower, his contemporaries; there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing though not perfect.

The translation of Virgil was a great success; the first edition was published in 1697, and was exhausted in a few months. During the progress of the work he had many unpleasant contentions about payments with his publisher, Jacob Tonson, the famous but somewhat close-fisted bookseller. Dryden steadily resisted Tonson's wish that the book should be dedicated to King William.

Tonson has missed of his design in the dedication, though he had prepared the book for it, for in every figure of Æneas he has caused him to be drawn like King William with a hooked nose.

This caused one of the wits to write :

Old Jacob, by deep judgment swayed
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
On poor Æneas' shoulders.

One of Dryden's works in these his latter years is his magnificent 'Ode for St. Cecilia's Day,' the song of 'Alexander's Feast,' which he is said to have written in a single night.

A musical society had been formed in London in 1683 for the celebration of St. Cecilia's Day, and a festival was held annually on November 22, when an ode composed for the occasion was sung. Dryden composed the ode for 1687, but the grander one, the 'Alexander's Feast,' belongs to 1697. It consists of seven noble stanzas, of which we may find room for two—

I

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son ;
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne ;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound :
(So should desert in arms be crowned.)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

In the second stanza the bard Timotheus is described, who sings to Alexander the glory of his birth as the son

of Jove ; and in the third stanza he sings the praise of Bacchus ; then in the fourth stanza the fall of Darius is pathetically described—

IV

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse ;
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood ;
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed ;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

Dryden continued cheerful and busy till the last. In 1699, the year before his death, he writes to a beautiful young kinswoman in the country :

I am still drudging on ; always a poet and never a good one. I pass my time sometimes with Ovid, and sometimes with our old English poet Chaucer ; translating such stories as best please my fancy, and intend, besides them to add somewhat of my own ; so that it is not impossible, but ere the summer be passed, I may come down to you with a volume in my hand, like a dog out of the water, with a duck in his mouth.

In London the young poets like Congreve looked upon him with reverence, and ' glorious John ' sat as a

king in Will's Coffee House in Covent Garden, in his own arm-chair, which had its settled place in the summer in the balcony and in the winter by the fireside. He died on May Day in 1700, and he was buried with much pomp in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Chaucer and Cowley.

JOHN LOCKE.

DRYDEN has been called the founder and inaugurator of an age of prose and reason, but the philosopher Locke may justly share the honour with him. His philosophy has often been denounced as bare and inadequate, but at least it is intelligible: it is the philosophy of common sense, and its influence has been very great.

The future philosopher was born in 1632, at a pleasant village in Somersetshire. His father brought him up with much care,

keeping him in much awe, and at a distance when he was a boy, but relaxing still by degrees of that severity, as he grew up to be a man till, he being become capable of it, he lived perfectly with him as a friend. And I remember he has told me that his father after he was a man, solemnly asked his pardon for having struck him once in a passion when he was a boy.

In 1646 he went to Westminster School, and was a fellow pupil with Dryden under Dr. Busby. From thence he went to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1652, and eight years later he was chosen Greek Lecturer for his college.

In 1665 he went as secretary to an embassy to Brandenburg, and in his letters he gives some amusing

descriptions of the German universities. The next year he was back again in Oxford, and by accident he became acquainted with the Earl of Shaftesbury, at that time Lord Ashley, and a friendship ensued which ended only with the death of the earl. In 1667 he took up his residence with Lord Ashley in London, and

from that time he was with my Lord Ashley as a man at home, and lived in that family much esteemed, not only by my lord, but by all the friends of the family.

Locke was tutor to Lord Ashley's only son—a sickly youth of seventeen, the one whom Dryden described in the 'Absalom and Achitophel' as 'that unfeathered, two-legged thing a son, born a shapeless lump like anarchy.' Locke was commissioned to find a suitable wife for this youth, and he managed the business well. The third Earl of Shaftesbury became a brilliant man of letters, and he tells us :

My father was too young and inexperienced to choose a wife for himself, and my grandfather too much in business to choose one for him. All was thrown upon Mr. Locke, who being already so good a judge of men, my grandfather doubted not of his equal judgment in women. He departed from him entrusted and sworn, as Abraham's head servant 'that ruled over all that he had' and went into a far country to seek for his son a wife, whom he successfully found.

The children of this marriage were all carefully trained and educated by Locke, and the third earl speaks of him with reverence and gratitude.

In 1682 Shaftesbury fled to Amsterdam, and died there next year, and soon afterwards Locke also thought it prudent to take shelter in Holland. By the king's command his name was struck off the roll of Christ Church in 1684, and in 1685 his surrender was demanded

by the English Government, and he had to go for a little while into hiding.

About this time he was introduced to the Prince and Princess of Orange, and the acquaintance gradually grew into a friendship, and Locke returned to England in 1689 in the train of the princess.

His great work, the 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' had been completed while he was resting in Holland, and in 1690 it was published in a fine folio, and Locke received 30*l.* for the copyright.

In the 'Epistle to the Reader' Locke gives us what he calls 'the history of this essay':

Five or six friends meeting at my chamber and discoursing on a subject very remote from this, found themselves quickly at a stand, by the difficulties that rose on every side. After we had awhile puzzled ourselves, without coming any nearer a resolution of those doubts which perplexed us, it came into my thoughts, that we took a wrong course; and that before we set ourselves upon enquiries of that nature, it was necessary to examine our own abilities, and see what objects our understandings were or were not fitted to deal with.

This fairly describes the scope of the essay, as an inquiry into the nature of the intellect and into the extent of its powers, and one or two extracts may be given in illustration.

Many philosophers had believed and maintained that our elementary notions or ideas, of number and space, of right and wrong, and of the existence of God, were innate or born with us, and that the child's experience only developed and strengthened the already existing ideas.

But Locke maintained that no ideas, not even those of the existence of God, were innate—

If any idea can be imagined innate, the idea of God may, of all others, for many reasons be thought so; since it is hard to conceive, how there should be innate moral principles, without an innate idea of a Deity; without a notion of a law-maker it is impossible to have a notion of a law, and an obligation to observe it.

Besides the atheists taken notice of amongst the ancients, and left branded upon the records of history, hath not navigation discovered in these later ages whole nations at the bay of Soldania, in Brazil, in Boranday, and in the Caribee Islands amongst whom there was to be found no notion of a God, no religion?

These are instances of nations where uncultivated nature has been left to itself, without the help of letters and discipline, and the improvements of arts and sciences. And perhaps if we should with attention mind the lives and discourses of people not so far off, we should have too much reason to fear, that many in more civilized countries have no very strong and clear impressions of a deity upon their minds; and that the complaints of atheism made from the pulpit are not without reason; and though only some profligate wretches own it too barefacedly now, yet perhaps we should hear more than we do of it from others, did not the fear of the magistrate's sword, or their neighbours' censure, tie up people's tongues; which, were the apprehensions of punishment or shame taken away, would as openly proclaim their atheism, as their lives do.

Locke maintains that the only materials for thought which the human intellect possesses, are the impressions or ideas derived immediately from sensible objects, and another set of ideas, which he calls ideas of reflection, and which the mind derives from contemplating and combining the impressions received from without—

All those sublime thoughts which tower above the clouds, and reach as high as heaven itself, take their rise and footing here; in all that good extent wherein the mind wanders, in those remote speculations, it may seem to be elevated with, it stirs not one jot beyond those ideas which sense or reflection has offered for its contemplation.

During 1689 a Latin letter on Toleration written by Locke was published in Holland, but without his name. This letter was now translated into English, and aroused

much interest. Its principles were attacked, and Locke defended them in a second, and third, and fourth letter, still without giving his name. He took interest in the passing of the Toleration Act, and it is said by some that he suggested its terms.

In 1690 Locke also published his 'Two Treatises of Government' in answer to a book published ten years before called, 'Patriarcha, or the Natural Power of Kings,' and written by Sir Robert Filmer. Locke tells us in the preface that his work was written

to establish the throne of our great restorer, our present king William; to make good his title, in the consent of the people; which, being the only one of all lawful governments, he has more fully and clearly than any prince in Christendom; and to justify to the world the people of England, whose love of their just and natural rights, with their resolution to preserve them, saved the nation when it was on the very brink of slavery and ruin.

The fogs of London began now to injuriously affect Locke's delicate health, and he found a pleasant home in the manor house of Oates, in Essex, about twenty miles from London. The house belonged to Sir Francis and Lady Masham, and the latter was a daughter of the philosopher Cudworth, and an old acquaintance of Locke's. They prevailed upon him to live with them, and 'Mr. Locke then believed himself at home with us, and resolved, if it pleased God, here to end his days, as he did.' He took much delight in the society of the daughter of the house, Esther Masham. 'In raillery,' she says, 'he used to call me his Lindabridis, and I called him my John.' A few years before his death, in writing to a friend, he says, 'If you were here you would find three or four in the parlour after dinner, who, you would say, passed their

afternoons as agreeably and as jocundly as any people you have this good while met with.'

Among Locke's intimate friends at this time were two of the leading statesmen of the day—Somers, who became Lord Chancellor, and Montague, afterwards Lord Halifax. With them he often discussed what was then a most serious trouble, the state of the coinage. From Dryden's letters to Jacob Tonson the bookseller we see what a source of trouble and vexation this had become. 'I expect fifty pounds in good silver, not such as I have had formerly,' he says in one letter. Again in another, 'You know money is now very scrupulously received; in the last which you did me the favour to change for my wife, besides the chipped money there were at least forty shillings brass.' And in still another letter, 'If you have any silver that will go, my wife will be glad of it. I lost thirty shillings or more by the last payment of fifty pounds.' The greater part of the coin was so clipped and debased as to be worth not much more than half its nominal value, and this value was different in different places. The confusion and disagreement that arose was unspeakable. 'On a fair day or a market day the clamours, the reproaches, the taunts, the curses were incessant; and it was well if no booth was overturned and no head broken.'¹

The Government now determined to call in and recoin all the clipped money; but Lowndes, the Secretary of the Treasury, strongly advised that the new crown should be raised to the nominal value of five shillings and three-pence; and there seemed to be a likelihood that Parliament

¹ Macaulay.

would agree to this proposal, which would nowadays be considered an outrageous violation of the principles of Political Economy. Against this proposal Locke strove, and strove successfully, in his 'Further Considerations against raising the Value of Money,' in which he uses arguments and illustrations that should have convinced the most simple and the most obstinate.

In 1696 Locke was appointed by the king one of the commissioners of the new Board of Trade, and he held the office as long as his health would permit, till 1700. Among the subjects that engaged his attention in this office was that of the encouragement of the linen trade in Ireland, and we are somewhat startled to find him making the following proposal:

That spinning schools shall be set up, where whoever will come to learn to spin shall be taught gratis, and to which all persons that have not forty shillings a year estate shall be obliged to send all their children, both male and female, that they have at home with them, from six to fourteen years of age, and may have liberty to send those also between four and six if they please, to be employed there in spinning ten hours in the day when the days are so long, or as long as it is light when they are shorter; provided always that no child shall be obliged to go above two miles to any such school.

One of Locke's most interesting works is that entitled 'Some Thoughts concerning Education,' which he addressed to a friend in 1690. It is noticeable that 'book learning' is only dealt with in the last quarter of the work—

You will wonder, perhaps, that I put learning last, especially if I tell you I think it the least part. This may seem strange in the mouth of a bookish man, and this being almost that alone, which is thought on, when people talk of education, makes it the greater paradox. When I consider what a-do is made about a little Latin and Greek, how many

years are spent in it, and what noise and business it makes to no purpose, I can hardly forbear thinking, that the parents of children still live in fear of the schoolmaster's rod, which they look on as the only instrument of education; as if a language or two were its whole business.

His advice as to physical and moral training is very full and interesting, and one or two extracts may be given—

Another thing that is of great advantage to everyone's health, but especially children's, is to be much in the open air, and very little by the fire even in winter. Thus the body may be brought to bear almost anything. If I should advise him to play in the wind and sun without a hat, I doubt whether it could be borne. There would a thousand objections be made against it, which at last would amount to no more in truth than being sunburnt. And if my young master be to be kept always in the shade, and never exposed to the sun and the wind, for fear of his complexion, it may be a good way to make him a beau but not a man of business.

Among his remarks on moral training he says:

One thing I have frequently observed in children, that when they have got possession of any poor creature they are apt to use it ill; they often torment and use very roughly young birds, butterflies, and such other poor animals, which fall into their hands, and that with a seeming kind of pleasure. Children should from the beginning be bred up in an abhorrence of killing or tormenting any living creature, and be taught not to spoil or destroy anything, unless it be for the preservation or advantage of some other that is nobler.

Locke was a pious, sober-minded Christian man, and he wrote several theological works, which are, however, seldom read now. The chief of these are a 'Treatise on the Reasonableness of Christianity,' and 'Commentaries on some of the Epistles of St. Paul.'

He died in October 1704, and on his deathbed professed 'his sincere communion with the whole Church

. of Christ, by whatever name Christ's followers call themselves.' 'His death,' says Lady Masham, 'was like his life, truly pious, yet natural, easy, and unaffected ; nor can time, I think, ever produce a more eminent example of reason and religion than he was, living and dying.'

SUMMARY.

BRIEF SKETCH OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Ben Jonson (1573-1637), the greatest of Shakspeare's companions, was born nine years later, and died twenty-one years later, than the great poet. He was born in London, but his father came from Annandale. He was a boy at Westminster School, and he gratefully records his obligations to his master, Camden, the antiquary. It is doubtful whether he was at the University, but it is certain that he served in the wars in the Netherlands. On his return to London he became an actor and play-writer. After killing in a duel a fellow-actor he joined Shakspeare's company, and in 1598 his first play, 'Every Man in his Humour,' was brought out.

In this and in his other plays Jonson is careful to maintain the unities of place and time, which Shakspeare generally disregarded. His chief characters, too, are intended to exemplify some peculiarity which by its excess becomes a vice, and these peculiarities he calls humours.

Between 1598 and 1614 Jonson wrote four other great plays. 'The Alchemist,' 'The Fox,' 'The Silent Woman,' and 'Bartholomew Fair.' In 'Every Man in his Humour,' the most original and amusing character is the braggart Captain Bobadil. In the 'Alchemist' there is the powerfully drawn character of Sir Epicure Mammon, and in 'Bartholomew Fair' the Puritans are amusingly caricatured in the preacher Zeal-of-the-land Busy.

Jonson wrote several plays after 1614; but no masterpiece; and the ill-success of one caused him to write an indignant ode beginning 'Come leave the loathed stage.'

Jonson also wrote many masques for court festivals, and Inigo Jones the architect devised the scenery. These masques are not now interesting except for the sparkling songs which are scattered through them.

In 1618 Jonson travelled on foot to Scotland, and spent some little time with Drummond of Hawthornden, who has left a record of his conversation.

Jonson lived on terms of friendship with the best and noblest in

the land, and he recorded the veneration he felt for Shakspeare in the verses prefixed to the folio edition of 1623. The poets Herrick and Beaumont celebrated the merry meetings in the London taverns, where Jonson reigned supreme. His life was, however, a careless and reckless one, and in his latter years he suffered want and sickness.

Only a small part of Jonson's work is worthy of comparison with Shakspeare's, and he has no excellently drawn female character. Some of his lyrics are excellent, and so also are his epitaphs, especially the one on the Countess of Pembroke.

The Minor Dramatists of Shakspeare's Age.—Within the half-century from 1590 to 1640 'nearly all that we have of excellence in serious dramatic literature was produced,' and in this period, besides Shakspeare and Jonson, there is a crowd of other writers worthy to be mentioned.

Thomas Dekker (1570–1637) wrote many plays, and seems to have led a life of alternate want and merriment. Charles Lamb said of him that 'Dekker had poetry enough for anything.' He assisted other dramatists with some of the best of their plays. His own chief play is 'Old Fortunatus,' with the story of the wonderful purse and wishing-cap.

Thomas Heywood was a University man and a Fellow of Peterhouse. He was a very prolific writer, and he speaks of two hundred and twenty plays which he wrote wholly or in chief part. Charles Lamb calls him 'a sort of *prose* Shakspeare,' and especially praises his characters of country gentlemen. His chief plays are 'A Woman Killed with Kindness,' 'The English Traveller,' and 'The Fair Maid of the West.'

John Webster came nearer than all his fellows to Shakspeare in his power of delineating tragic scenes and characters. Eight of his plays have been preserved, and the two greatest are 'Vittoria Corombona' and 'The Duchess of Malfi.' Each gives a terrible picture of the depravity of Italian society in the fifteenth century, and in each there are many pathetic scenes.

Philip Massinger (1583–1638) was connected in some sort of honourable dependence with the noble family of Pembroke. He went to the University of Oxford, and it is thought that he there became a Roman Catholic. Little is known of his life in London as a writer. He wrote many plays which have been lost, but his best are 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts,' 'The Great Duke of Florence,' and 'The Virgin Martyr.' In the first of these is the powerfully drawn character of Sir Giles Overreach.

Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher were the most famous of the followers of Shakspeare. Unlike their companions, they belonged to the higher ranks, and Dryden thought they excelled even

Shakspeare in the imitation of the conversation of gentlemen. It is almost impossible in their joint works to separate the parts belonging to each, but it is thought that Beaumont's work shows the greater depth of imagination, while the light and graceful scenes are Fletcher's.

Beaumont was held in high esteem by Ben Jonson, and Fletcher took part with Shakspeare in writing 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' and 'Henry VIII.' The best plays written jointly by the two poets are 'Philaster,' 'The Maid's Tragedy,' and 'A King and no King.' Fletcher outlived Beaumont, and wrote among other plays the beautiful pastoral 'The Faithful Shepherdess.'

Other dramatic writers of this period are Chapman, Middleton, Ford, Tourneur, and Shirley.

Two brothers, Edward and George Herbert.—*George Herbert's* life has been pleasantly written by Isaac Walton. He was one of seven brothers, and his father died when George was an infant, but his mother reared her children well. George went to Westminster School, and thence to Cambridge, and he was there held in great esteem by King James, Sir Francis Bacon, and others. After the death of King James he became a clergyman, and was at first rector of Layton Ecclesia, in Huntingdonshire, and then on account of failing health he changed to Bemerton, near Salisbury.

While he was in Huntingdonshire his dearest friend was Nicholas Ferrar, who was at the head of the Protestant nunnery at Little Gidding, and Herbert on his death-bed in 1633 commended his book of poems, 'The Temple,' to the care of Ferrar. The book contains about one hundred and fifty little poems, and the best are perhaps those on 'Vertue,' on 'Sunday,' and on 'Peace.' Some of the poems are rather quaint than beautiful.

Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury was the elder brother of George, and outlived him fifteen years. He was one of the earliest and ablest of English freethinkers, and he wrote a Latin work, 'De Veritate,' on the subject of natural religion. He wrote also a 'History of Henry VIII.,' but his best-known work is his autobiography, which lay in manuscript for a century after his death. It contains many interesting pictures of society both at home and abroad, but doubts have been felt as to its trustworthiness.

Jeremy Taylor (1618-1667) excels all the other great writers and preachers of the Church of England in his rich flow of imagination and fancy and in the charm of his language. He was born in Cambridge, where his father was a barber; but Jeremy entered the University, and by his excellent preaching he gained the notice and friendship of Laud. He lost his rectory of Uppingham when the Civil War broke out, and he joined King Charles at Oxford. In the dedications of some of his works he speaks of his wanderings and privations

during this time of trouble. With some other dispossessed clergymen he opened a school at Newton Hall in Caermarthenshire, and the Earl of Carberry, who lived at Golden Grove, in the neighbourhood, became his friend and patron.

In this retreat Taylor composed his two chief works, the 'Liberty of Prophesying' and 'Holy Living and Dying.' In 1658, on the invitation of the Duke of Ormond, he settled at Lisburne in the North of Ireland, and at the Restoration he was made bishop of Down and Dromore. Among other works which he published was a year's course of sermons preached at Golden Grove.

Two prose writers—Burton, Browne.—*Robert Burton* (1576-1640) was educated at Oxford, and spent the greater part of his life in the University in seclusion and study. He was an astrologer, and predicted the exact time of his own death.

His life's work was the writing of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' with which he hoped to relieve his own melancholy, but it only confirmed and strengthened it. He styles himself in his work Democritus Junior, and he gives a long account of the philosopher Democritus of Abdera, whose life was like his own.

The 'Anatomy of Melancholy' is one of the strangest books. At first sight it appears to be little more than a collection of quotations, but it has always been a fascinating book to thinkers, and Dr. Johnson was especially fond of it. A little poem which is prefixed to the work is thought to have suggested to Milton the idea of 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso.'

Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682) was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and devoted himself to the study and practice of medicine. He travelled on the Continent, and took a doctor's degree at Leyden about 1633. After his return he wrote in retirement in Yorkshire his best work, the 'Religio Medici.' It was not intended for publication, and it got abroad by accident, but it at once became famous, and was translated into several foreign languages.

Browne then settled at Norwich as a physician, and spent the rest of his long life there, and was visited by some of the most learned men of the time. In 1671 he was knighted by Charles II. His other chief works were 'Enquiries into Vulgar Errorours,' 'The Garden of Cyrus,' and 'Urn Burial.'

John Milton (1608-1674) was born in London, like Chaucer and Spenser. His forefathers were landed proprietors in Oxfordshire, but his father was a London scrivener. John was educated at St. Paul's School and at Cambridge, but his University course was not a pleasant one. On leaving Cambridge he spent five years in seclusion and study at his father's house at Horton in Buckinghamshire. Here he wrote 'Comus,' 'L'Allegro,' 'Il Penseroso,' and 'Lycidas,' besides other minor poems.

In 1638 he visited Italy, and met Galileo at Florence. In 1639 he

hastened home on account of the political troubles that were rising, and from that time till his death he lived in London. His unfortunate marriage with Mary Powell took place at this time, and her leaving him caused him to write his fierce pamphlets on divorce.

In 1641 Milton published two pamphlets on 'Reformation in England,' and he followed these up with further pamphlets, in which the bishops and the principle of episcopacy were fiercely attacked. In 1644 he addressed to Parliament his famous 'Areopagitica' in defence of the right of unlicensed printing. In 1649 he was appointed Latin Secretary to the new Government, and held the office till the Restoration. He wrote several Latin works in defence of the Government, and a few of his sonnets belong to this time.

In 1650 he lost the use of his left eye, and two years later he was quite blind. His blindness is pathetically alluded to in several passages of his works.

'Paradise Lost' was commenced about 1658, but the idea was conceived much earlier. Milton at first proposed to treat the 'Fall of Man' as a drama or mystery, and a rough sketch of this drama still exists. In 1667 the poem was finished and published.

Milton has been greatly praised by some critics both for the choice of his subject and for the manner of the execution. Others have condemned the plan of the poem as lacking reality and human interest. The unbroken majesty and beauty of the style is admitted by all.

In his later years Milton wrote 'Paradise Regained' and 'Samson Agonistes,' and some prose works of minor importance.

Dr. Johnson gives some interesting particulars of Milton's manner of life in these latter years.

Isaac Barrow (1630-1677) was born in London, where his father was linendraper to Charles I., but his uncle was a bishop. He was a scholar at the Charterhouse, but was fonder of fighting than of learning, and was careless in his dress.

In 1645 he went to Cambridge, and made excellent progress, especially in physical science and mathematics. He continued a staunch Royalist, while the ruling powers of the University were on the side of the Parliament.

In 1654 he travelled on the Continent, and went as far as to Constantinople and Smyrna. After the Restoration he was appointed Professor of Greek and of Mathematics at Cambridge, and the latter post he resigned in 1669 to his pupil Isaac Newton.

In 1672 Charles II. appointed him Master of Trinity, styling him 'the best scholar in England.' He was already one of the King's chaplains, and Charles listened attentively to his sermons, and passed a shrewd judgment upon them.

Barrow's sermons were published after his death by Tillotson.

They are models of manly eloquence, and the elder and younger Pitt studied and greatly admired them.

Two historians—Clarendon, Burnet.—*The Earl of Clarendon* (1609-1674) rose from the position of a country gentleman to be Lord Chancellor of England. He was educated at Oxford, and then studied law at the Temple, and was acquainted with Ben Jonson, Selden, and other men of letters. He gained the confidence and friendship of Archbishop Laud, and when the war broke out he was the trusted adviser of Charles I., and afterwards of Charles II. At the Restoration he was created Chancellor, but he fell from power in 1667, and in retirement in France he wrote his 'History of the Rebellion,' and a history of his own life. The language of both works is noble and stately, and Clarendon shows great skill in the delineation of the characters of the men of the time.

Bishop Burnet (1643-1715) was the son of a Scotch lawyer who refused to take the oath of the Covenant. He was educated at Aberdeen, and he afterwards visited the English Universities, and travelled through Holland and France. He was then made Professor of Divinity at Glasgow, and with Archbishop Leighton he endeavoured by peaceable means to bring all the Presbyterian clergy within the Episcopalian Church.

He was one of the chaplains of Charles II., but his very plain speaking caused him to lose all court favour, and he was obliged to withdraw to the Continent in 1684. He settled at the Hague, and his advice was of great service to William of Orange, with whom he returned to England in 1688. After the Revolution he was made bishop of Salisbury. He opposed pluralities in the Church, and he was one of the chief agents in founding Queen Anne's Bounty. His chief works were the 'History of His Own Life' and the 'History of the Reformation.'

Isaak Walton (1598-1683) kept a linendraper's shop, first in the Royal Exchange, then in Fleet Street, and then in Chancery Lane. When the war broke out he retired from business, and spent most of his time in the families of eminent clergymen, by whom he was much beloved. The five charming little biographies which Walton wrote are, with one exception, the lives of English clergymen. His chief work is 'the Compleat Angler,' which was first published in 1653. Five other editions were published during the author's lifetime, and it grew in length from thirteen chapters to twenty-one.

John Bunyan (1628-1688) was the son of a tinker at Elstow near Bedford, but the family of the Bunyans had been peasant freeholders in the county from the end of the twelfth century. At the age of sixteen Bunyan entered the army, but whether on the side of the King or Parliament is not known. Soon afterwards he

married a poor but godly woman, and he became a great frequenter of the church. But a change came over him: his life appeared to him to be unspeakably wicked, and he suffered a long and terrible agony of spirit before he found peace.

In 1653 he joined a Nonconformist congregation in Bedford, and four years later he was himself a preacher. At the Restoration Nonconformist meetings were forbidden, and Bunyan was arrested. The authorities wished to deal gently with him, but he would not promise to cease preaching, and he was kept a prisoner till 1672. His confinement was by no means strict, and he was allowed to preach in prison. During this time he wrote and published several works, of which 'Grace Abounding,' his spiritual autobiography, was one. Whether the first part of 'Pilgrim's Progress' was written now or later is uncertain. It was first published in 1678, and the second part in 1684. When Bunyan was released, in 1672, he was licensed as a preacher, and he became a minister in Bedford. He exercised a supervision over surrounding congregations, and was often called Bishop Bunyan. His fame as a preacher was very great, and enormous congregations gathered to hear him in London.

His other chief works were 'The Life and Death of Mr. Badman' and the 'Holy War.' In all he wrote and published nearly sixty works.

John Dryden (1631-1700) was the inaugurator of a new age, an age of prose and reason rather than of lofty imagination. He was born in Northamptonshire, and his father possessed a tiny estate in the county, which the poet retained all his life through. He was a pupil under Dr. Busby at Westminster, and he afterwards went to Cambridge, but he retained little love for that University.

His first considerable poem was a noble eulogy of Oliver Cromwell, but two years later he wrote 'Astræa Redux,' as a welcome to Charles II. In 1667 he wrote 'Annus Mirabilis,' describing the Dutch War and the Fire of London of 1666.

He had also by this time taken to play-writing, and during his life he produced nearly thirty plays, but no masterpiece. Most of these plays were in the rhyming heroic metre of the French theatre, which Sir William Davenant's 'Siege of Rhodes' had made fashionable in this country.

Dryden's most famous plays of this kind were the 'Indian Emperor,' 'The Conquest of Granada,' and 'The Royal Martyr.' They are filled with swelling bombastic speeches, and they were cleverly parodied by the Duke of Buckingham in 1671 in 'The Rehearsal.' Dryden about this time wrote an elaborate essay on Dramatic Poesy, in which the characters of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson are finely sketched.

In 1681 Dryden wrote his brilliant satire 'Absalom and Achitoe.'

phel,' and its accompanying satires, 'The Medal,' and 'Mac Flecknoe,' in which he bitterly attacked the Earl of Shaftesbury and his adherents. In 1682 he wrote 'Religio Laici,' a fine poem in defence of the Church of England; but five years later he had become a Roman Catholic, and he wrote 'The Hind and the Panther,' in which the Church of England is represented as fierce and inexorable towards all other Churches.

At the Revolution, Dryden lost all his posts and pensions, and was obliged to depend upon the labours of his pen. During the twelve remaining years of his life he did much excellent work, especially his translation of Virgil and his adaptations of Chaucer. His magnificent ode 'Alexander's Feast' also belongs to this time.

In London the young poets looked upon him with reverence, and he sat as a king in Will's Coffee House in Covent Garden. He died on May Day in 1700, and he was buried with much pomp in the Abbey.

John Locke (1632-1704) was a fellow-pupil with Dryden at Westminster. He then went to Oxford, and in 1660 he was Greek lecturer for his College. In 1666 he became acquainted with the Earl of Shaftesbury, and a friendship ensued which lasted till the earl's death. He was tutor to the earl's only son, chose a wife for him, and carefully educated his children.

In 1682 Shaftesbury fled to Holland, and Locke soon followed, and remained there till the Revolution, when he returned to England in the train of the Princess of Orange.

During his stay on the Continent Locke composed his famous 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' and it was published in 1690. His first letter 'On Toleration,' and his 'Two Treatises on Government,' and also his interesting work 'On Education,' were published about this time.

Locke now retired on account of health from London to a pleasant retreat in Essex, where he enjoyed cheerful society, and yet was well within reach of London. In conjunction with some of the leading statesmen he gave much attention in these years to the question of the coinage, and also to that of the linen manufacture of Ireland.

Locke was a pious Christian man, and he wrote several theological works, but they are now seldom read.

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